



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

HAVE been asked to say whether I believe in solar biology, ante-natal influences, and—to cut the matter short—in those arrangements of the stars and seasons, etc., which are said to direct the destiny of human beings to a greater or less extent. I must confess to my ignorance of astrology and those kindred topics which engage the attention of dilettante fortune-tellers and social soothsayers. But I never venture to ridicule them, for when we get into the realm of the supernatural or what appears to be beyond the laws of nature, we are all of us walking in the dark, fancying, and perhaps almost feeling, that the denizens of an invisible world are about us. It is said that the ignorant are the most superstitious; it is also true that they are possessed of instincts vastly more reliable than trained judgment. The Indian and the backwoodsman who have never seen a railroad or a school book, can see things which to the ordinary eye are invisible; they can smell and feel things which the most highly cultured professor in a university would ridicule as being non-existent. We are told in Sacred Writ of miracles which the majority, cultured and ignorant alike, believe, for we cannot believe in a revealed God and Redeemer unless we believe in these occurrences which appear to our dim vision to be contrary to the laws of nature. For my part I can accept without difficulty all the miracles and all the difficult doctrines which cause so much controversy amongst theologians. The doctrine of the Trinity is not more inexplicable than the mystery of water, ice and steam, no matter how we account for one scientifically and make no pretense to measure the other. The Immaculate Conception is not harder to understand than the birth of a blade of grass. The Resurrection from the Dead seems easier of comprehension than the birth of the first human being, and as we reckon it there must have been a first born of all. And so come to our mind all these strange things, and happy are they who can accept them all without struggling to know the form, shape and substance of the original atom of creation. It should be immaterial to us when the world was created in the face of the great mystery why it was created at all, and how it remains a whirling speck in the infinity of space. Of what moment is it to us whether man descended from God or ascended from a monkey? The creation of the monkey is as wonderful as the creation of man so far as it is in our power to imitate either by our handiwork. It is beyond me to reason out why people should be so curious about everything they see and hear while they are not at all inquisitive as to why they act as they do, think as they do, and stay alive as they do amongst such extraordinary difficulties, uncertainties and dangers.

When people begin to wonder what influences outside of their free will and environments have shaped the course of their lives, I am always willing to listen and to do my share of wondering. We know that the moon affects the tides, and it is said to affect human beings both mentally and physically. We understand something about heat and cold, for we can produce them both; we have experience with regard to the seasons, for we have seen them come and go. Death, the enigma, presents itself to us often, but few enquire if there are any influences or combinations of influences which cause the sick to so frequently pass away between two and three o'clock in the morning, when life for some unknown reason seems to be at its lowest ebb. Astronomers have long known that when certain planets are in certain positions, certain results follow. We know that people who have rheumatism are affected to the very marrow of their bones by a coming change in the weather which the healthy cannot detect. It is admitted that the unborn child is sometimes beautified or disfigured by the surroundings of its mother, and its whole tendency more or less directed by the passions and sins of its father, or grandfather, or great-grandfather. In view of all these things and a hundred others which might be mentioned, why should any of us say that the position of the stars, of the sun and the moon and of the great planets, is without an effect upon the unborn child or upon the life which has just been ushered into the world, unheeding its surroundings yet unconsciously affected by such hidden currents as have never been recognized or defined? That certain things happen at certain times to all who are in the same condition at the same time, may be quite true; that people receive a susceptibility to certain influences before birth is physically true, and no one yet has been able to define what has created this susceptibility.

ONE cannot tell why girls more frequently resemble their father, and why boys, physically at least, are healthiest and most promising when they resemble their mother, yet such is a fairly acceptable rule. Who can gauge the combination of the mother's or the father's force either intellectually or physically when reproduced in the child? Why are there such strange reproductions of grandparents, such thoroughly inexplicable developments in children? No one in three generations can recollect of having had a precedent in the family of either the father or the mother. When we begin to enquire about these things, my-teries deepen because there is nothing simple or explicable. We ask why is a child born with a club foot? It is quite as easy to ask why is not every child born with a club foot, or two club feet, or a club head? Why should one child have a turned-up nose and another have a Roman beak? Why should one member of a family have red hair and another black hair? Why should one have good teeth and another bad teeth? Why should one be clever in arithmetic and a dunce at spelling, and another be clever at spelling and a dunce in arithmetic? Why should one have a good digestion and a bad memory, and another have a good memory and a bad digestion? In fact, why anything? why everything? why not? At best we are not wise or well informed if we affirm or deny anything, because the limit of our experience can be reached with our extended arms and we can touch the very confines of our knowledge on every side with our extended fingers.

I never wonder that people chase after spiritualism, and hypnotism, and phrenology, and biology, and psychology; in fact, I wonder that these studies are not more generally taken

up by people who rattle about in a little nutshell, and if they have any tendency to wonder why they are alive and what they are for, would naturally enough enter into investigations, futile of course, but interesting without doubt. Not one of us, no matter how prudent and self-contained we may be, but can sit down at night and wonder why we did a certain thing, why we said a certain thing, or perhaps a dozen things. Every time we kick ourselves in a figurative way and call ourselves names we are only coming up against some phase of ourselves which we do not understand. Even the most esteemed apostle speaks of his other self and the humiliation that the improper individual incorporated with his better self inside the same skin, causes him. I confess I am willing to give it all up, and I marvel most at the mental attitude of people who know so much about themselves and everybody else. These very clever freaks not only understand how to manage themselves, but they are quite willing to undertake the management of everybody else. They have discovered a system of regulating their hunger and thirst and fixing the style of their raiment, and they are only waiting for a plebiscite or something of the sort to attain to other people's necessities whether other people are willing or not. This is a very funny phase of human nature. The fanatical phase of it is simply egotism gone mad. Just imagine for a moment a person inserting himself, or a group of

come strange things, and an appreciation of them is not likely to lead us into mysticism; for those who understand how small a portion of the whole creation they are, go about with a certain meekness of spirit and freedom from care which makes the world endurable. The poor devil who thinks that he is creating the earth and managing it is the one whose head hangs heaviest and whose stomach works worst. We can only do our best, and we can afford to be very cheerful about it; and if by any understanding of the circumstances which govern us as atoms of the universe we can feel our destiny a little better defined and our work a little easier of accomplishment, we are perfectly right in striving to obtain the information. I imagine that if people sought more after the knowledge of the main-springs of their existence instead of beating their heads against the rocks of the unattainable, they would be much happier. The better people understand themselves the better they will understand their neighbors; the more people understand what they cannot do, the more charitable they will be with regard to their friends who are not apparently doing what they should. Altogether it is self-evident that people will be happiest and best conducted and most lovable who mind their own business, for if they do not understand themselves they certainly cannot understand other people, and the fact that we make such hideous mistakes in engineering our own little lives should

for some time, a rate war on its hands. It is disgusting the Canadian people by working with and for the United States at both ends of its line. It has succeeded in conveying laborers to the farms of Dakota instead of Manitoba. It carries its emigrants to the North-Western States instead of landing them in Canadian territory. It delivers its eastbound freight at Portland instead of Halifax or St. John in the winter time, and it is always ready to give Montreal the worst of it if it can have the long haul to Portland. The Grand Trunk Railway has received an enormous amount of money from Canada. The branch roads which it owns have had bonuses which aggregate an extraordinary sum. Its whole energy is now being employed to give this country the worst of it. It is a road built by English capital, running through Canadian territory, devoting itself entirely to building up Portland and the North-Western States of the Union. Every instinct in its management is Yankee. Every throw-down it can give to Canada is cheerfully given. When it has an opportunity it harvests the crop of the North-Western States even when the wheat of Manitoba is going to waste. It conveys a settler to the North-Western States when it might as easily convey him to Manitoba, only that when the settler is landed in Manitoba he is an earning factor for the Canadian Pacific. The rivalry of the two roads as it now stands is a damage to Canada. A stop should be put to the whole business. The Government of this country can stop the Grand Trunk from running through our country and using its extraordinary commercial position to our detriment. The matter should be looked into. The shareholders of the Grand Trunk need not fear injuries to themselves by such Government intervention, because the statements submitted to them by their own management prove that in order to injure Canada the Grand Trunk is cutting its own throat. The two great problems of the world to-day are education and transportation. The Government should look into the transportation end of what is of such great disadvantage to us in the competition between the G.T.R. and the C.P.R.

UNCHARITABLENESS is one of the most flagrant sins of Canadians. Taken altogether, few countries have been better governed than the Dominion of Canada and the provinces which constitute it. Unfortunately there have been occasions when things were not done as they should have been, but the country is young and the art of government is not thoroughly understood by any class of people brought up to sit in the saddle and direct the administration.

At no time since Canada had a name and had affairs to manage, has such extraordinary progress been made as statistics prove we have made in the last few years. Great coal mines in British Columbia are being opened, great gold mines, and away up in the land of the midnight sun the Klondike is creating an excitement which reaches the remotest parts of the earth. We demand experienced and perfect administrations in these countries, from men who probably two years ago had not heard of a placer mine. Certain newspapers speak of Hon. Mr. Sifton, who has charge of the Department of the Interior, as if he were a thorough blackguard and a scheming scoundrel who is doing everything that is possible to ruin the good name of the country. Are the newspapers who are doing this sort of thing aware that they are robbing themselves, making Canada appear as a dirty miscreant? Is there any profit to be made by turning a hoseful of mud and filth on the men who are presumably our best citizens and are supposed to have been chosen on account of their ability to administer our affairs? Surely we have had examples of this sort of thing in the United States which should have turned our attention to better methods. The newspaper which spends its time and influence and energy to destroy and make disreputable a public man, should be aware that it is at the same time injuring itself and making impossible the thing which Canada desires to accomplish. Canadians are probably no better nor worse than other people, but Canada happens to be the young country which is more in sight than any other infant nation at the present moment. Will publicists receive the thanks of this country if they proceed to instruct the world that our politics are filthy and our Administration corrupt? Are those who are so industrious in trying to destroy the reputations of our public men aware of the harm they are doing and of the responsibility they are undertaking?

Let me take a few examples. Major Walsh is known as one of the bravest and most efficient soldiers that the world has produced. His handling of Sitting Bull and his whole administration of the Mounted Police present a record of extraordinary daring and ability. No general in the United States Army compares with him for truthfulness, honesty of purpose, and ability to handle Indians and make them believe in him. He was requested by the Dominion Government to administer the Yukon for a year. He accepted the appointment as a favor to the Government. He was not anxious to be a Government official. Financially he was better off in his business than as the administrator of the Yukon. He has returned home after a year of most arduous service, and is repaid by the filth of a lot of newspapers, who apparently do not comprehend the difficulties of an honest man in escaping criticism.

Since Batoche, Canada has not had anything so difficult as the Yukon, yet the streets of Dawson City are as safe as those of Toronto. The Government, or the bank, or the Mounted Police, or a private citizen, can carry a half a million dollars in gold down the streets of Dawson City and be perfectly safe. This is to the credit of Canada, and why should not the newspapers talk about this rather than prate about the corruptness of officials?

Judge McGuire was honest, and he left the Yukon after a year's unhappiness in the Arctic zone. Fred Wade, the prosecuting attorney, is as manly a man, as courageous and as honest as could have been found anywhere in Canada. He returned from the Yukon bespattered with the venom of those who seem to desire to destroy every Canadian reputation that is



MINING SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

persons inserting themselves, into the great universe of stars and planets, and heavens and hells, and gods and angels; of consciences and stomachs and livers; of electric currents, and winds and seasons and storms, and heats and colds; of oceans and tides; of sympathies and antagonisms, loves and hates. Just imagine some weak-eyed, bald-headed, rheumatic old codger standing up amidst all these conflicting things and asserting that his stomach and opinion shall guide the earth; that people shall eat and drink as he eats and drinks; that they shall view things as he views them. Great gods! wouldn't it be hard on both the Creator of the earth and those who inhabit it if this dyspeptic coon were to be permitted to become the dictator with regard to food, drink, raiment, and religious exercises? The preposterous egotism of people who are so willing to dictate what we shall believe and what we shall declare to be improper and infamous is improper, is beyond description. What fragment that is flowing through the universe affects the time and tide and seasons, the storms, the births and the deaths? Surely there is no one who can hold a compass or lay upon the foundations of the universe a measuring string. Long before we were born, influences were existent that we know nothing of; long after we are dead the great and complex current of human events, in universal events, will keep on weaving a warp and woof into the coloring and texture of which, no matter what we do, we could not possibly introduce a single speck that would be observable out-side of our own feeble eye.

I am not arguing that people are relieved from responsibility because they are ineffectual in a universe-alence. People are not released from responsibility under any circumstances; their responsibility to do the best they can is as much a part of their being as their ability to breathe. That they fall out of line and are crushed by the machinery of heaven or the universe of civilization, of law or conventionality, is their concern. How much they can do to make themselves or to prevent themselves being something which they should not be, they can only find out by experiment. That is their business. No one can do it for them, and if they leave it undone they will personally be that much worse off. Collectively they can do what appear to be great things, and they must act collectively, and if they stay out of the collection they are wrong and get hurt. Yet above and over all, undeniably there is a great destiny. Into and about our lives

withhold us from asserting improper responsibility with regard to the lives of others.

THE Grand Trunk statement for the past six months is such an interesting and instructive affair that the public should consider it. It is as follows: Passenger traffic in six months shows a falling off of 61,332 passengers and \$25,656.

That the earnings should have decreased during a period when passenger rates were cut is not surprising, but that fewer passengers should be carried when rates were almost unprecedentedly low provides food for thought. Those who think that the railroads could afford to carry passengers at a less rate than they are now charging will find very little comfort in this statement, which shows that with low rates both the earnings and the number of passengers carried decreased. I am not urging that this is conclusive proof that low rates would not increase traffic, but I am quite convinced that in a country with a population no greater than that of Canada, a great deal of rubbish can be talked about creating an extraordinary passenger business by making very low rates. If the Grand Trunk's statement is not conclusive proof of this, where are we to look for the reason of their decrease of receipts and decrease of the number of passengers conveyed from one point to another? In their whole system nothing has changed which could produce this result, excepting the arrangement with the C.P.R. between Toronto and North Bay. Are we then to debit their policy in refusing to work with the C.P.R. over this section of road, with the whole falling off of passengers? In previous years the Canadian Pacific Railway has done a business over the North Bay branch which is probably misunderstood. In order to harvest the crop in the far West the C.P.R. has been forced to convey a great number of laborers to the fields. A reasonable estimate of these would be five thousand, which means, with the return trip, ten thousand passengers over the North Bay branch. The various excursionists and so on in connection with the great West would probably bring the traffic of that section of road up to forty thousand per annum. Fairly enough we may estimate this as the loss of the Grand Trunk in taking away the C.P.R. running power over their North Bay branch. What has the Grand Trunk gained to recompense itself for this? It has had, and has now, and probably will have

above mediocrity. William Ogilvie is now administrator. He is known as a thoroughly upright man, yet the papers that praised him when he was only a surveyor and made his report for the Government, will be squirting filth on him in a little while. Mr. Fawcett, the Gold Commissioner, is one of those oddly constituted men, who, with the roughest surroundings, has been conspicuously religious without any touch or taint of cant. People know that he is a good man; they are thoroughly convinced that his religion is not a sham; yet nothing is too bad to be said by people who never knew the man or are in the slightest degree conversant with his daily walk and conversation, but who are delighted to do him harm.

The fact remains still in the history of the world, that Dawson City is as orderly a mining camp as was ever constituted. The Dominion Government has administered it as well as any government could undertake a new thing with which it was entirely unacquainted. Everybody has been treated as well as they could be treated by those who were novices in the business, and yet there is not a reputation which has been saved out of the administration of the Yukon. I would not take twenty thousand dollars a year and go into that country and try to do any official business, for I would expect what reputation I may possess would be entirely destroyed before I could get back. The men who are writing down Mr. Sifton in the newspapers, if they were appointed to official positions would be known as scoundrels before six months had elapsed, and they would probably be unjustly accused.

It seems to me that a Canadian newspaper has a better mission than the destruction of the reputations of public men. Surely the bitterness of competition is not so great as to make forgivable the offence of destroying men who were selected because they were reputable and efficient persons with some knowledge of administering a new thing. In every instance the appointments to the Yukon were hailed by the press as being the best that could have been made, and yet those who were loudest in their praise are the fiercest in their denunciation. The affairs of a city have been administered so successfully that while the Yukon is one of the most inaccessible parts of the earth, law and order have been preserved. While darkness rests over the town for almost six months of the year, yet life and property are safe.

What is all the complaint about? Surely we should be a little more just to our own people, a little more careful of our national reputation, a little slower to denounce those who are presumably our select men. The whole thing is disgraceful, and the disgrace has not been in the administration of this far-away place, but in the slandering, name-calling and disgraceful innuendoes printed in the newspapers.

If you go out to British Columbia to-day you will see the old Cariboo trail which cost hundreds of thousands of dollars. If you go anywhere amongst the mines and the miners you will see things that will startle the mind unaccustomed to grappling with propositions such as are always cropping up in new countries. It is said that we Canadians are provincial and narrow in our views; certainly our treatment of Mr. Sifton and the Government in the way it has handled the Yukon, demonstrates the fact that we are unfit to have great mining possibilities, for while we possess the riches of gold we seem to be devoid of that much more necessary asset, a little bit of human charity.

DON.

A Neighbor.

By John B. Tabb.
Full many a heedless fellow man
Had passed him on the way;
But Night, the Good Samaritan,
Beholding where he lay,
Uphore him to the Inn of Sleep;
And there I heard him say:
"Whate'er the charges of his keep,
O landlord, I'll repay."

Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Mr. John Dewar McMurrich and Miss Evelyn Louise Temple was celebrated in St. Stephen's church on Wednesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock, the rector, Rev. A. J. Broughall, officiating. A bright day, between two stormy gray ones, was vouchsafed the pretty bride, who looked very girlish in her bridal gown of white satin, *en train*, with guimpe and sleeves of shirred *mousseline de soie*, and some good point lace. She wore an heirloom lace veil, fastened by a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of bride roses. Miss Temple was attended by a maid of honor, Miss Maud Temple, and Miss Naomi Temple, Miss Helen McMurrich, Miss Douglas and Miss Lily Douglas of New York, who wore pretty white tulle frocks, with ruchings of *mousseline de soie* and sashes of buttercup chiffon. Large black hats and great posies of yellow roses tied with buttercup ribbons completed their simple and effective toilettes. Mr. James McMurray was groomsmen, and the ushers were: Mr. Gwyn Osler, Mr. Arto Hardy, Mr. Temple McMurrich and Mr. H. C. Osborne. A reception and breakfast were given the bride and groom at Miss Skue's charming home in Murray street, where a large party of relatives and friends were present to offer congratulations and see the bride and groom off. Mrs. McMurrich's going-away gown was of blue cloth, with *toile* in velvet to correspond. On their return to town Mr. and Mrs. McMurrich will take up house in Brunswick avenue.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Percy Manning entertained the bridesmaids and ushers of the afternoon's wedding at a theater party to see *The Girl From Paris*, which, by the way, was an excellent foil to the attraction at the end of the week, when Julia Arthur held the boards. The party afterwards took supper at McConkey's.

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn will reside at 39 Rosedale road this winter. Mr. Cronyn returns from England this week.

Mrs. Charles Johnson (*nee* King) has, I am told, taken a handsome home in Bond street and with her little daughter will reside in Toronto this winter. She has been for a short visit with her family in Jarvis street. Mr. Johnson's business takes him abroad this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Winstanley have finally made up their minds that they can leave their lovely home at Balmy Beach, where they so contentedly and happily spent last winter, and have taken rooms at 31 Wilcox street. Mrs. Walter Dickson has also taken rooms at the same *pension* for the winter. Both ladies are charming persons, and it is pleasant to have them back with us again.

Mrs. Hammond and her daughters, the Misses Crombie, have returned from a trip to the west coast.

On Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock Miss Macdougall, eldest daughter of Judge Macdougall of Carlton Lodge, and Dr. William H. Young of Peterborough, were quietly married at the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. W. J. McCaughan being the officiating clergyman. Miss Macdougall was married in a gown of pale gray silk, with white ribbons and revers of lace *applique* over white satin. Many beautiful presents were sent to the bride, who, in common with every member of her family, is held in the highest esteem and affection by all. Dr. and Mrs. Young will reside in Peterborough, where Mrs. Young will take up her matronly duties as hostess about the end of the month. Mr. Harold Muntz was Dr. Young's best man, and Miss Sheila Macdougall attended her sister as bridesmaid.

Bridal receptions are of various sorts, the formal, the friendly, the elegant, the dull, we all know them. But friendliness and that hearty and magnetic welcome which forceful and gifted mortals only can afford, was the rule when Mrs. Grayson Smith greeted her shoals of friends on Monday of this week. A bright girl she always was, and a very bright woman she is, as she queens it in her pretty house and makes everyone feel like paying her homage. Mrs. Grayson Smith wore a pink reception dress of rich satin, her bridesmaids, who assisted her, being dressed in their pretty green and white frocks as at the wedding

last June. On Tuesday a horrible spell of wet weather interfered with the second reception, but as it was "neighborhood day" many were able to pop in from homes near by. Mrs. Grayson Smith will take the reception day in vogue in her vicinity and receive on Tuesdays.

Several bright theater and supper parties are the reunions which have united congenial souls during the Julia Arthur engagement. The season has now fairly set in for the enjoyment of long evenings, and increased accommodation for late supping is available.

Mr. Will Hees of Detroit is visiting his people in St. George street. The marriage of Miss Florence Tonkin and Mr. Harry Hees is, I hear, arranged for next June.

Mrs. E. B. Osler will receive at Craigleigh on Thursday next from 5 to 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Rowan Kerland of 5 Hawthorne avenue, Rosedale, will receive on the afternoon of October 20th. Cards for her tea on that date were out at mid-week.

The commodore, officers and members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club have announced an informal dance on next Monday evening at the town club-house, when it is hoped a large number of young people will attend.

The dance at the Victoria Club on next Friday evening is being arranged for with unusual care and liberality. The honorary secretary, Mr. Minty, promises a very delightful function, and the hospitalities of the Victoria Club are too well known to need much description.

In the death of Mrs. Henry MacCulloch, in the fifty-first year of her age, which took place at New York recently, many Toronto people lose a loved and valued friend. She will be regretted by many who knew her during her residence here, and her husband and son have the hearty sympathy of Toronto friends in their sorrow.

The committee of the Royal Grenadiers' assemblies, which have been the military social features of the past five winters, are arranging for the usual bright and enjoyable series, to be announced shortly. The date of the first assembly will be given as soon as the committee decide upon it.

On Saturday evening, October 22nd, another of those popular dime concerts will be given by the band of the Royal Grenadiers at the Armories. Songs by well known military men will alternate with selections by the band. The success of the last concert, which was tremendous, will no doubt be repeated this night week.

The Young Women's Christian Guild have again secured Miss Eva A. Bradshaw for the physical culture classes which were so popular last year. The married ladies' classes on Wednesday mornings open next week, the hour being 10 o'clock. So many women have derived benefit from these classes that no doubt there will be a large and enthusiastic membership.

Mrs. George Stewart (*nee* Taylor) will be at home to her friends at 123 Yorkville avenue every first and third Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Blain Gash and family are at the Arlington. Mrs. Gash will be at home on Thursdays.

Miss Burnett is home visiting her mother on her vacation from the Riverside Hospital.

On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. John De Gruchy of Crawford street gave a progressive euchre party to mark the tenth anniversary of their wedding. It was an unusually pretty and pleasant affair.

Madame Rochereau de la Sablière will receive on Mondays instead of Tuesdays as formerly, at Futale, 301 Jarvis street.

Mrs. Lachlan Macfarlane has not yet removed to Madison avenue, but is still a guest at the Rossin.

Mrs. Wilmot Fitzsimons (*nee* Dease) will receive on Thursday and Friday next, October 20 and 21, at 161 Spadina road.

The marriage of Mr. Ed. J. Freyseng to Miss Ida E. Hunter of Detroit will take place on October 20 at the residence of the bride's father, 31 Forest avenue east.

The many friends of Mr. James Millett, one of Toronto's most popular travelers, will be glad to learn that he is once more on the road after a couple of months' severe illness.

Miss May Hamilton of Toronto has been appointed Canadian correspondent of the *New York Musical Courier*. Miss Hamilton has been a frequent contributor to SATURDAY NIGHT over the signature, Hume Caswell.

Mrs. John Wesley Coe is at present visiting Mrs. R. Staples, Fairview, Cobourg.

The Archbishop of Ontario and Mrs. Travers Lewis have returned home from Ireland, where they were the guests of the Earl and Countess of Erne at Crom Castle. His Grace was visiting the scenes of his curacy at Newtownbutler, just fifty years ago, when his rector was the late Rev. Richard Hall, grandfather of Mrs. George J. Mason, 109 College street.

Mrs. S. N. Sykes (*nee* Bruenech) is now settled in her house, 30 Price street, North Toronto, and will be at home every Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Byrne and family have returned from Center Island to their home at 114 Huron street. Mrs. and Miss Byrne will receive on the second and fourth Tuesdays in the month.

Mrs. S. R. Hesson of Stratford is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. Harry Synnors, 15 Elgin avenue. Miss Bella Hesson is also a visitor, as well as Mr. Greville Morgan of Vancouver, B.C., who leaves for the Pacific Coast shortly.

Another big dinner in the Pavilion will be that tendered to the Premier of Ontario. On November 15 four hundred loyal friends will dine with Hon. A. S. Hardy, and many distinguished names are among them. McConkey will also have charge of the catering for this large affair.

Mrs. George Riddell of Bellevue avenue has returned home after spending a delightful five months visiting friends in Scotland and England.

The first grand banquet given by the Bankers' Association takes place in the Pavilion on the evening of October 27. From three to four hundred gentlemen will stretch their legs under the mahogany, and McConkey will serve them a very dainty menu.

Quite a gay throng gathered at the Armories Wednesday night to witness the inspection by General Hutton, who is a splendid specimen of the British officer and quite won the hearts of all present. In the officers' gallery were a bevy of enthusiastic onlookers, amongst whom I noticed: Major and Mrs. Delamere, Miss Delamere, Miss Hazart, Captain, Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Miss Falconbridge, Miss McLean, Major Murray, Mr. and Mrs. J. Tolmie Craig, Mrs. E. Scott, Miss Scott, Mrs. Frank Morgan of Hamilton, Miss Clarkson, Mrs. Plunkett McGinn, Miss Scott of Chicago, and many others.

Mr. Morine of the Newfoundland Railway was in Toronto on Saturday.

The commander of the North Atlantic Squadron, Admiral Sir John Fisher, with his two daughters spent a short time in the city lately after a visit to the Falls.

The managing director of the Confederation Life Association, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, has just returned from a trip of many weeks to the Pacific Coast.

On Wednesday afternoon at six o'clock the marriage was celebrated of Miss Mary Teresa Ryan, fourth daughter of Mr. Peter Ryan, and Mr. Ernest W. Pratt of Victoria, B.C. Miss Margaret Ryan, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Bernard Ryan was best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Brennan of St. Basil's church. Miss Ryan's

wedding gown was of embroidered lisse over pale yellow silk, and her bouquet of white roses. The maid of honor wore a dress of gray and yellow, and carried a bouquet of Lady Dorothea roses. A very beautiful *dejeuner* was served by McConkey, to a small party of friends, who were seated at quartette tables. All the house and table decorations were in pink. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt left for a honeymoon in New York, and will afterwards reside in Victoria. The bride received many rich and beautiful gifts.

Mrs. Street Macklem is at present in Chicago undergoing treatment, which it is hoped will improve her health, which has been far from good for some time back.

Mr. Justice Lister and Mrs. Lister, of Sarnia, are at the Rossin, preparatory to taking for the winter Kenigarah, the residence in St. George street of Mr. William Lount, Q.C., and Mrs. Lount. Mile. Toronto, with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Brimson, are guests at the Rossin. Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge are at the Arlington, and will be at home to their friends on Thursday afternoons.

Mrs. Loudon was at home to a large number of friends yesterday afternoon at her home, 83 St. George street.

Mr. Frank Yeigh's picture travel talk on Thursday evening at Association Hall was a most charming and interesting affair.

In these times of prohibition and anti-prohibition one turns relieved to something less rabid, and it looks as if Miss Fitzgerald's plans for the treatment of a most unfortunate class are about to be put in working order. The meeting held in St. James' schoolhouse last Friday brought together earnest men and women, and what a variety! The bishop and the lawyer, priest and professor, society lady and humble sister, the Mayor and the clergyman, the doctor and the banker, the Inspector dealing with hard facts, and the keen business man looking for them—these are only some of the varieties there represented. They cover a wide field, and the next meeting will find more people interested.

Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge went to-day to Peterborough for a short stay, accompanied by Miss Sheila. I fancy the visit concerned the setting up of the Larres and Penates in the home of Wednesday's bride, for which naturally the mother feels much interest, as this is the first break in the charming family circle at Carlton Lodge.

Mrs. James Robertson and Miss Bee Robertson leave next week for a visit to St. Therese, where Mrs. Robertson's sister resides, and afterwards to visit a brother in Montreal. They will return to Toronto before Christmas.

Invitations were out on Thursday to the marriage of Miss Anna Frances Coldham and Mr. Arthur William Barnard, which takes place on the evening of the third of November at the residence of the bride's mother, 20 Madison avenue.

Teas seem to have multiplied for next Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Somerville of Athelstone has sent out cards for an At Home on that date, when her beautiful daughter will be introduced to society.

Rev. Mr. Heathcote, at one time a most valued assistant minister at St. Simon's church, has witnessed much prosperity increasing upon his new charge, St. Clement's. A new church building, designed by Mr. Sanford Smith, nephew of Senator Sanford, had its corner-stone laid by His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto last Saturday.

Miss Florence Crang, A. T. C. M., of Hazelton avenue, and vocal pupil of Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., has been appointed leader of the Olivet Congregational church choir.

Mr. T. H. Best and Mrs. Best of Markham street have returned home after a pleasant trip to Quebec (where they were guests at the Chateau Frontenac), Montreal and Ottawa.

While the account of the battle of Omdurman thrilled the nerves of readers of the great English papers, some of us were exceedingly interested to know that Lieutenant Turner, one of the gallant English officers, whose valor raised the world's applause, is a son of sweet Mrs. Turner, the late Sir Casimir Gzowski's daughter, who is much beloved here.

Mrs. Notman of Spadina avenue and her two daughters have returned from a visit to Dr. C. R. Notman of Pittsburg during the convalescence of the Knights Templar held there.

I should like to say a word to correspondents who are kind and thoughtful enough to send me items of news interesting to readers of these columns. It sometimes happens that the combined intelligence of the editorial, proof-reading and typesetting forces is not equal to deciphering the writing, which has been blurred from want of blotting, or written so hastily that the letters are mere hieroglyphics. In such cases, an item of real importance and interest has to be held over, as telephonic enquiry is often impossible, from lack of connection or of time. At other times dates do not correspond with days mentioned in notices of receptions, and we cannot take the responsibility of deciding whether day or date should be supposed the more correct. This has happened in an item but a short time ago. If correspondents will be exact and legible, I shall be very glad to receive any number of items of interest in social circles each week.

The *New York Sun* can never peep over into Canada without seeing something to excite its alarm. Its Montreal correspondent points out that the British Colonial office has selected military men for the Governor-Generalship of Canada and the Governorship of Newfoundland. "In the case of the former," says the *Sun*, "Lord Minto, who was better known as Lord Melgund, although retired from the army for a number of years, has availed himself of every opportunity for acquiring a knowledge of war in the field, and was actively connected with an English volunteer corps. He followed the earlier operations of the contending armies in Bulgaria in the late Russo-Turkish war, and took part in some of the more recent operations in South Africa. He also witnessed such fighting as there was in the Riel Rebellion. The newly-nominated Governor of Newfoundland, Sir H. McCallum, is an officer of the Royal Engineers in active service. He passed some time at Singapore, where he designed and carried out the construction of the new defences of that place, one of the most important of the British naval coaling stations. His nomination to his new post, taken with the fact that both his secretary and *aide-de-camp* are officers of the same corps as that to which he himself belongs, has given rise to the supposition that the British Government contemplates the establishment in Newfoundland of a formidable military and naval base similar to that already existing at Halifax."

A short time ago a somewhat laughable incident took place in a northern church, says an English paper. The minister, after proclaiming the banns of matrimony between a young couple, concluded by saying, "If there be any objections they can now be stated." A fashionable youth, an old admirer of the intended bride, noticing the eyes of a portion of the congregation fixed upon him, rose up and exclaimed, "I have no objection for my own part, to the astonishment of all about him, and resumed his seat as if he had done a mere formal piece of business."

Son—Father, what does a "local option" town mean? Father—"A 'local option' town, my son, is one in which one-half the people have no option whatever; they have to do as the other half say."

The action of Quebec in regard to Prohibition has reconciled many Canadians to what has always been called our "serious race problem."

It looks as if they were voting yet down in Quebec. The majority against Prohibition grows bigger day by day.

Customer—Do you think this medicine will have the desired effect? Druggist—Oh, yes; I'll guarantee it to work like a charm. Customer—But I have no faith in charms. Druggist—Neither have I.—*Chicago News*.

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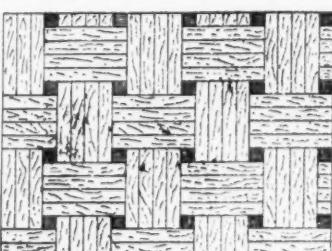
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Social and Personal.

AMONG the various accounts of Sir Casimir Gzowski's coming to Canada I do not remember to have seen the correct one—as he told it himself. Tenders having been called for to build the Welland Canal, the firm of engineers in Pittsburgh with which the young exile was connected sent him to Kingston, then the seat of government, to look over the specifications for them. Mr. Gzowski registered at the hotel, and at an early hour the next morning received a message that the Governor-General's aide-de-camp was down stairs asking for him: Just for a moment, thoughts of possible extradition treaties and such things flashed through the young patriot's mind; but he met his caller and was asked by order of His Excellency whether he was a relative of Count Stanislaus Gzowski. Mr. Gzowski replied that the Count was his father, whereupon the aide conveyed the vice-regal invitation to Government House, which Mr. Gzowski accepted with much conjecture. Sir Charles Bagot was the newly arrived Governor-General, and he met the young engineer with much cordiality, informing him that he and Count Stanislaus Gzowski had been warm and attached friends during the Governor-General's ministerial career in St. Petersburg, and with friendly interest questioning Mr. Gzowski on his prospects and profession. The interview was the forerunner of others, and the Governor-General said: "We must keep you in Canada," and bestowed upon Mr. Gzowski the position of Superintendent of Roads and Waterways in the London district, which brought him permanently to our country, to adorn with his unique and gracious personality the best circles of social and financial life.

The Massey Hall was as usual thronged with people for the military service last Sunday. The Lieutenant-Governor, his daughters, Miss Mowat and Mrs. Biggar, and his son and aide, Captain Herbert Mowat, occupied the left stage box, the officers' wives from Stanley Barrack *vis-à-vis*, and opposite the founder's box were Mrs. Delamere, wife of the colonel of the Q.O.R., whose day it especially was, as their excellent band provided the music, and a party of ladies. A twitter and a rustle and a craning of feminine necks from the galleries betokened the arrival of General Hutton, the new Commander-in-Chief of Canada's fighting men, and the general verdict seemed to be that the new General is both a dignified and handsome soldier. Women who are judges tell me that General Hutton is "a dear," and that seemingly vague description should convey the very highest approbation. With the sun in my eyes I got but a glimpse of a gentlemanly, trim soldier, who adopted a discreetly devout attitude during the service. The Queen's Own Band played in excellent time for the hymns, which were given with a will from a thousand manly throats, some of the voices being very melodious. A New York barrister, who has also seen a garrison service at Halifax, said he found the Toronto parade much finer in every way. The officers looked splendid, though I missed several one has become accustomed to look for. Perhaps no one failed to give a thought to the dignified old knight who was now for the first time absent, nor yet to our invalid, Sir George Kirkpatrick, who, with her ladyship of Closeburn, was also always such a welcome attendant at the garrison parades. Captain Forester was on hand, back from his Eastern sojourn, and Lieut. Peters, in charge of the dashing Body Guards. Tall Jim Elmsley, in his scarlet coat, had the onerous task of taking up an offertory under the admiring eyes of a party of ladies snugly tucked away in an alcove. The pipers of the 48th were also in evidence, and the giant bandmaster, Mr. Slater, was, as usual, the admired of all.

On Wednesday evening of last week a very pretty house wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred M. Walton, 16 Lowther avenue, when their eldest daughter, Elma May, was united in marriage to Mr. Arthur E. Blackwood of Claremont, New Hampshire, son of the late Thomas F. Blackwood, Dominion Appraiser H.M. Customs, Toronto. The wedding was a very quiet one, only the immediate relatives of both families being present. The bride looked sweetly pretty in a handsome white corded silk gown, trimmed with orange blossoms and lace, and carried a shower bouquet of roses, wearing at her throat a beautiful sunburst of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the groom. The bride's only sister, Miss Olive Walton, acted as maid of honor, and Miss Ada Blackwood, sister of the groom, as bridesmaid, both of whom were attired in white tulle with silk organdie overdresses trimmed with lace and chiffon; huge bouquets of pink roses completed their charming and very becoming costumes, the groom's gift being pearl anchor pins. The groomsmen were the groom's twin brother, Mr. Charles K. Blackwood, and Mr. Harry H. Love was bride's usher. After viewing the many beautiful presents which were received by the young couple, a *recherche* repast was partaken of, when, amid a shower of rice and hearty good wishes, the happy couple left for an extended tour through the Eastern States before taking up their permanent residence in Claremont.

Mrs. and Miss Taylor and Mr. Taylor of Florsheim are now in Italy. They have visited Constantinople quite recently.

Mr. Simpson, a clever New York lawyer, and Dr. Parker of Detroit, fresh from the war and full of it, spent Sunday in Toronto together. They were entertained for dinner and Sunday supper by friends in St. George street.

Major and Mrs. Greville-Harston will remove shortly to Wilcox street, where Major Greville-Harston has purchased a nice residence.

Quite a bright party will winter at the Arlington. Mr. and Mrs. Clinch, Mrs. Scott of Chicago and Miss Loretta Scott,

Mrs. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford, Mr. Oscar Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Suckling are a few of the guests there settled.

Miss Marion Barker, who went to Kingston to attend the Judah-Walken wedding, returned home on Thursday, bringing with her Miss Ford of Kingston on a visit.

Mrs. Anderson of London and Mrs. Richard Bayley were in town for a week's shopping last week.

Mr. Frank Hodgins and his family have returned to their home in Rosedale, Cloyne, which was leased recently for a term to Mr. Walter Beardmore.

Mrs. and the Misses Heaven will leave the end of this month for the South, where they will spend the winter. They will be sadly missed by their Toronto friends.

Mrs. George Denison, Jr., who has been quite an invalid since she and her husband made the tour of the Old World, is now quite recovered from her fatigue, and is receiving on Fridays at her home, Dovercourt road.

The Riding Club have already had three reunions. The Sunday rides have been most enjoyable, to Newmarket track and to the Humber. Last Saturday the club joined the meet of the Country and Hunt Club.

Quite a number took the train to the Industrial School at Mimico last Saturday, attended the annual meeting and inspected the school buildings.

On Thursday afternoon Miss Heaven gave a very charming studio tea, at which an artistic circle assembled to bid *bon voyage* to their hostess and to enjoy a last happy hour at Atherley.

Mrs. George Hees, who has spent a pleasant three weeks in Oswego visiting old friends and relatives, is expected home to-day.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson have returned with their family from the Island. Some Islanders are loth even yet to leave their summer homes on account of this fine October weather.

Everyone was delighted with the quartette at the first of the concerts given by the Chamber Music Association last week. Some cannot say enough of their playing, which seems to have pleased all critics.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra are settled in their new home in St. George street, and Mrs. Cawthra receives on Fridays after November 1.

Mrs. Byron E. Walker and Miss Walker have returned from their trans-Atlantic holiday, which they much enjoyed.

Invitations for Miss Florence Taylor's recital in St. George's Hall on October 20 are now out. Miss Taylor comes under the distinguished patronage of Miss Mowat, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. Dickson, Mrs. Parkin, Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. Neville, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Torrington, Mrs. B. Homer Dixon, Mrs. W. B. McMurrich, Mrs. Thomas Moss and Mrs. J. D. Tyrrell, which assures that her recital will be a success socially. Miss Taylor has studied for several years in Germany under the best masters, and since her return has earned the reputation of being the best pianist in Detroit. During her stay in Toronto she will be the guest of Mrs. J. D. Tyrrell.

Mr. Guy Kirkpatrick came down last week from the mining districts to visit his people, and is looking very well and hearty.

Mr. Perceval Ridout of Rosedale House has been west on an extended trip.

The marriage of Mr. Stewart Houston and Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson was celebrated in St. George's church last Saturday. Ven. Archdeacon Houston and Canon Cayley officiated.

Mrs. Geo. Gooderham and Miss Gooderham, Meadowvale, and Mrs. Adam Armstrong of Chicago are visiting Mrs. Wm. Ardagh of Wellesley street.

Society at the Capital.

IT has been decided by the local branch of the National Council of Women to present to the Countess of Aberdeen an album containing the photographs of the members of the Executive Council. A reception is to be held, probably in the drawing-room of the Russell House, and at it the presentation will be made. On November 1 the Governor-General is to be banqueted in the Russell House by the citizens of Ottawa. The executive of the Women's Council meets at Government House on Wednesday and Thursday next. This will be the final meeting before the departure of Lady Aberdeen. Among the subjects to be discussed is the advisability of inaugurating a central office with a salaried secretary. Major General Hutton, C.B., left on Saturday for Toronto, where he will spend the next ten days. He will be joined there by his A.D.C., Captain Bell, who has come out from England.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Z. Palmer and Miss Muriel Burrows, who have been staying in Toronto at the Arlington for the golf tournament, have returned to town. Lieut.-Col. Hodgins left on Thursday for Toronto, where, during his stay, he will be the guest of his father, Dr. Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education.

The success of Miss Margaret Anglin in the part of Roxane in *Cyranus de Bergerac* in New York was heard with sincere pleasure by friends innumerable here. Miss Anglin inherits no little part of her talent from her mother, who during the Dufferin regime was a leading figure in all amateur theatricals here. One of her greatest successes was in the leading soprano role in the Mayor of St. Brioux, an operetta performed at Government House.

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who is one of the leading members of the American Public Health Association, is visiting on his way home Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne of Toronto.

An engagement that has caused no little interest in Canadian society is that of Mr. Charles Mackintosh, son of Hon. C. H. Mackintosh, to Miss Eileen White of Quebec, daughter of Mrs. F. Wilson, and granddaughter of the late Sir Hugh Allan of Ravenscrag, Montreal. On Friday afternoon Mrs. H. A. Bate

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gave a large At Home in honor of her mother, Mrs. Wilson, who is on a visit to her.

Mrs. Joseph Pope, wife of the Under Secretary of State, has returned from Quebec, where she was one of the most admired of the many participants in the recent social gaieties.

Mr. Forsyth, a midshipman of H. M. S. Renown, spent a few days in town this week with his cousin, Mr. A. H. O'Brien. Mr. Forsyth took part in the performance of the H. M. S. Albacore in Montreal last week.

Mr. Egerton Bryant, son of Mr. Thos. Bryant, surgeon to the Queen, who has been the guest of Sir James Grant, left for Toronto this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Coates have taken for the winter the house occupied during the session by Mr. Bostock, M.P. After the wedding of Miss Coates, which takes place on the 27th of this month in Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Coates will come to Ottawa.

Miss Fielding, daughter of the Finance Minister, sailed on Thursday for England. She will not return till the middle of November.

Mrs. Fraser and Miss Lilian Fraser have been in Kingston, attending the wedding of Mrs. Fraser's son, Mr. Norman Fraser, to Miss Innes.

The engagement of Miss Ethel Bate, Mr. Newell Bate's charming daughter, to Mr. William Bate, formerly of St. Catharines, but now of Ottawa, has been announced, and from all sides are warm wishes pouring in.

Miss Palmer of London, England, is in town, and will spend the winter with Rev. Canon Pollard and Mrs. Pollard.

Miss Ethel McKay Wright, granddaughter of Mrs. Edward Skend, is to be married on the 19th of this month to Mr. Thompson of New York.

His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen arrived in town on Saturday from Quebec, where they have spent the past four weeks. They were accompanied by Lady Marjory Gordon, Miss Wisdom, Mr. White Ridley, Major Denison, and Captain Tharp, A.D.C's.

Mrs. Denison will not arrive at Rideau Cottage till next Thursday.

Mrs. Pringle of Toronto is in town on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Stanton.

Miss Gladys Gowan of Quebec, a sister of Mrs. Ralph Jones, and a niece of Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, was married in Quebec on Saturday to Mr. G. E. Crichton, chief engineer of H.M.S. Indefatigable, which has been stationed at Quebec. The affair is quite romantic, as the bride, a charming young girl of eighteen, only made her debut during the recent social festivities, and was, therefore, "wowed, won and married" within the space of three weeks.

Mrs. Irwin, wife of Lieut.-Col. Irwin of Cooper street, left on Monday for Toronto, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Walter Cassels.

Ottawa, Oct. 11th, 1898.

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The Outcast's Gratitude.

A Tale of the Franco-Prussian War.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

THE young Duc de Hardimont was in Aix, in Savoy, for the treatment of his famous mare, Périole, used up since the cold she had taken at the Derby. He was finishing luncheon, when, casting a careless glance at the paper, he read the news of the disaster of Reichshoffen.

He drained his glass of Chartreuse, flung his napkin on the restaurant table, gave his valet orders to pack; two hours later he took the Paris express, and on arriving hastened to the recruiting office and enlisted.

In spite of having led, from nineteen to twenty-five, the enervating life of a *petit creux*—the word then current—of having brutalized himself on the race-course and in the dressing-rooms of opéra-tingers, circumstances which he recalled forcibly to him that Enguerrand de Hardimont had died of the plague in Tunis on the same day as Saint Louis: that Jean de Hardimont had commanded the Grandes Compagnies under Du Guesclin; and that François Henri de Hardimont was killed at Fontenoy, charging with the Maison-Rouge. Done up though he was by his scandalous and imbecile liaison with Lucy Violette, the prima donna of the "Nuit-de-Parisienne," the young duke, on learning that a battle had been lost by the French on French soil, felt his blood rush to his head and experienced the hideous impression of a blow in the face.

Thus it was that early in November of 1870, having returned to Paris with his regiment belonging to the Vinoy corps, Henri de Hardimont, fusilier in the Third of the Second and member of the Jockey, was on guard with his company before the redoubt of the Hautes Bruyères, a hastily fortified position, protected by the guns of the Bicêtre fort.

It was an ill-looking spot—a road planted with saplings, cut up by muddy ruts, crossing the leprosy fields of the suburb, and on this road-side an abandoned tavern, a *cabaret* with arched, where the soldiers had established their post. There had been fighting here a few days before; the grape-shot had broken in two some of the spindling trees, all of which bore on their bark the white scars of the shot. As for the house, the look of it made one shudder: the roof had caved in under a shell, and the reddish walls seemed smeared with blood. The overturned summer-houses, the gutted shooting-gallery, the swing with its wet ropes creaking in the wind, and the signs near the door scratched by bullets: Club-rooms—*Absinthe—Ver-mouth—Wine at 90 cent, a litre*—which framed a dead rabbit, painted above two billiard-cues tied crosswise by a ribbon—everything recalled with cruel irony the popular amusements of bygone Sundays. And over all this an ugly winter sky, covered with rolling, leaden clouds—low, angry, hateful.

At the tavern door the young duke stood motionless, his Chassepot slung over his shoulder, his *kepi* shoved down on his eyes, his numbed hands in the pockets of his red trousers, shivering under his sheepskin. Yielding himself up to his sombre reverie, the soldier of defeat gazed with heart-broken eyes at the slopes, half-hidden in fog, whence rose every second minute with a sullen detonation the white ball of smoke of a Krupp gun.

Suddenly he discovered he was hungry. Kneeling, he drew from his haversack, lying against the wall near by, a big hunch of army bread; having lost his knife, he used his teeth, and took a bite. But a few mouthfuls were enough; the bread was hard and bitter; there would be no fresh supply till to-morrow, if then. *Allons!* soldiering was not all play. And, unfortunately, at this moment, suddenly he was vividly reminded of what he used to call his hygienic breakfasts, when, on the morning following a supper of a heating nature, he used to seat himself near a ground-floor window of the Café Anglais, and order, *mon Dieu!* the lightest fare!—a chop, an asparagus omelette—and when the waiter, knowing his habits, cautiously unrolled a slim bottle of old Leoville, comfortably lying in his basket. *Eichre de fichtre!*

Good old days! He would never, never get used to this pauper's fare. And, in a moment of impatience, the young man tossed the rest of his bread into the mud.

At the same instant, a soldier stepped out of the tavern; stooping, he picked the bread up, walked a short distance, wiped it on his sleeve, and began devouring it greedily. Henri de Hardimont, already ashamed of his fastidiousness, looked pityingly at the poor devil who showed such a good appetite. He was a long, lank, ill-built young fellow, with fever-hollowed eyes and a hospital beard, and so thin that his shoulder-blades stood out under the cloth of his worn capote.

"You are hungry, comrade?" said Henri, drawing nearer.

"As you see," returned the fellow with his mouth full.

"Excuse me. If I had known my bread could have been of use to you, I would not have thrown it away."

"There's no harm done," replied the soldier. "I'm not so particular."

"All the same," said the gentleman, "it was stupid of me, and I am sorry for it. But you mustn't carry away a bad opinion of me, and as I have some good cognac in my flask, *parbleu!* We'll drain it together."

The man had finished eating; the duke and he drank a swallow; the acquaintance was an accomplished fact.

"And your name?"

"Hardimont," replied the duke, suppressing title and particle. "*Et toi?*"

"Jean Victor. I've only lately been transferred to this company. I'm just out

of the ambulance. I was wounded at Châtillon. Ah! I was well off at the hospital. What good horse-meat broth they give you there! But it was only a scratch; the major signed my dismissal, and here I am! The starving begins again. For, believe me if you like, comrade, I've been hungry all my born days."

The speech startled the voluntary who had surprised himself a moment before, regretting the *cuisine* of the Café Anglais. The duke gazed at his companion in horror-stricken amazement. The soldier smiled awkwardly, showing his wolfish teeth, white in the midst of his earthy face, and as if he understood that a confidence was expected of him: "*Tenez*," he said, suddenly ceasing to "thee" and "thou" his comrade, guessing him to be rich and fortunate—"*tenez*, let us walk up and down a bit to warm our feet, and I will tell you things you probably never heard before. My name is Jean—Victor—Jean—Victor, and nothing further, for I am a foundling. My only happy memories are those of my earliest childhood, in the Hospice. The sheets were white on our little beds in the dormitory; we played under big trees in the garden, and there was one sister, quite young, as pale as a wax taper—she was dying of consumption—whose pet I was. I liked to walk with her better than to play with the other children, because she used to press me against her skirt and put her thin, hot hand on my brow. But at twelve, after my first communion, the wretchedness began. The administration had put me out to apprenticeship at a chair-seater's of the Faubourg St. Jacques. It's no trade at all, you know—out of the question to make one's living at it: the proof of that is that usually the *patron* could only secure as apprentices the poor wretches from the Blind School. There is where I began to starve. The master and his wife—they were afterwards murdered—were terrible misers, and the bread you got a bit cut off for you at each meal—stayed under lock and key the rest of the time; and in the evening, at supper, you should have seen the missis, in her frowsy black cap, serving out the soup to us and heaving a sigh every time she dipped the ladle into the tureen. The two other apprentices from the Blind Asylum were less miserable than I; they got no more than I, but, at least, they couldn't see the reproachful glare of the old witch as she held out my plate to me—and the worst was I already had my huge appetite. Was it any fault of mine? I starved there as apprentice for three years—three years!—you can learn the trade in a month, but the administration can't know everything and doesn't suspect that the children are being exploited. Ah! you are surprised to see me pick bread up out of the mud! *Allez!* I'm used to it. I've picked many a crust out of the garbage heaps, and when they were too dry, I let them soak all night in my wash-bowl. Sometimes there were finds, to be sure, half-nibbled buns from schoolboys' baskets—I used to hang around the schools when on errands. And, then, when the apprenticeship was over, there was the trade that, as I told you, doesn't half feed its man. Oh, I tried other things, I warrant you. I put my heart into my work. I've been shop boy, mason's boy, floor-polisher—God knows what! Bah! One day the work would give out, the next I'd lose my place. In short, I never ate my fill—thunder! what tortures I've felt passing a bakery! Luckily for me, at such moments I always remembered the good sister at the Hospice who so often told me to be honest, and I thought I felt her hot hand on my forehead. Finally, at eighteen, I enlisted; you know as well as I the trooper gets barely enough. Now—it's almost laughable—here comes siege and famine! You see, I wasn't lying just now when I told you I'd always been hungry."

The young duke was good-hearted. The terrible confession, made by a fellow man, by a soldier whose uniform made him his equal, moved him deeply. Fortunately for his clubman's reputation for *sang-froid* the night wind dried in his eyes something that threatened to dim them. "Jean Victor," he said, "if we both survive this terrible war, we shall meet again, and I hope to be of some use to you. But for the present, as there is no baker on the outskirts but the corporal, and as my ration of bread is twice the size of my appetite, you as comrade must share with me. That's settled."

The two men shook hands heartily; then, as night was falling, and as they were worn out by long hours and constant skirmishing, they re-entered the tavern, where a dozen soldiers were lying on straw; throwing themselves down side by side, they sank into a heavy sleep.

Toward midnight, Jean Victor awoke—hungry, probably. The wind had swept away the clouds, and a moonbeam, slipping through a hole in the roof, lay on the fair hair of the young duke, slumbering like Endymion. Still overcome at his comrade's kindness, Jean Victor was gazing at him with *naïf* admiration, when the sergeant opened the door and called the five men whose turn it was to relieve the sentinels of the outpost. The duke was among them, but he did not wake when his name was called.

"Hardimont!" repeated the sergeant. "If you've no objection, sergeant," said Jean Victor, rising, "I'll take his place; he is sleeping so well, and he's my comrade."

"As you please."

Half an hour later shots hasty and near at hand were heard. In a second every man was on his feet; the soldiers left the tavern, stepping cautiously, their fingers

on their triggers, peering down the road, white in the moonlight.

"But what time is it? I was on duty to-night," said the duke.

Some one replied, "Jean Victor went in your place."

At this moment a soldier was seen running down the road toward them. "Well!" they asked him when he halted, breathless.

"The Prussians are making an attack; we are to fall back on the redoubt."

"And the other sentinels?"

"They are coming—all except poor Jean Victor."

"What?" cried the duke.

"A bullet in his head. He didn't even groan."

Towards two o'clock one night last winter the duke left the club with his neighbor, the Comte de Saulnes; he had lost a few hundred louis, and had a headache.

"If you have no objection, André, we will walk home; the air will do me good."

"As you like, old fellow, but the streets are horrible."

They ordered their coupes home, turned up their overcoat collars, and started toward the Madeleine. Suddenly the duke struck something aside with the toe of his boot—a bit of bread, coated with mud.

To his utter amazement, M. de Saulnes saw the Duc de Hardimont pick the piece of bread up, wipe it carefully with his crested handkerchief, and place it on one of the benches of the boulevard, in the full glare of a street-lamp.

"What in the world are you up to?" said the count, laughing; "are you mad?"

"It's in memory of a poor fellow who died for me," returned the duke in a faintly shaken voice. "Don't laugh, André, if you want to oblige me."



Clara—I see Cynthia has decorated her room with guns, pistols, swords and the like.

Cor—Yes; she always has been a great girl for having arms around her.—*Illustrated American.*

A Bit of Wedding Cake.

By ISABELLE JACKSON.

"BUT what shall I do with it?" he asked helplessly. She looked up at him and laughed as he stood dangling a square white box by its satin ribbon.

"There's a certain inanity in treasuring another fellow's wedding cake. Won't you take it—as a gift?"

"Thanks, no," she answered. "I have a sufficiency; besides, the charm is broken if you give it away."

"Charm?" he echoed. "What charm has an infinitesimal piece of cake that would not stay the appetite of a mosquito? Silly custom this, anyhow, of—"

"Do you mean to say," she interrupted solemnly, "that you have attained unto years of discretion, and have never tried the charm that lies in a bit of bride's cake?"

"Never!" he averred.

She looked so bewitching in her bridesmaid array that he would have sworn to any fact or fallacy whatsoever, could he thereby prolong this *tête-à-tête*. In seeking a spot where perchance that ubiquitous best man might be eluded, he had found this curtained corner of the porch.

"Then you must try it before you are a night owl," she said, with a pretty air of authority. "Cut a card into seven slips and give me a pencil, and I'll do the rest."

He obeyed with unwonted docility.



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"This is merely a short and sure way to find out whom you are to marry," she resumed.

"I know whom I want to marry. I don't need a piece of cake and seven slips of paper to tell me that."

"Whom one wants to marry and whom one marries are not always the same individual!" she replied sententiously.

"Oh!" was his only audible remark.

"Now," she went on, "I shall write a name on each of these six pieces and leave one a blank—for bachelorhood, you know."

"Um!" he assented.

"Then you will place them under your pillow, with the wedding cake, and draw out one each morning; the last one—with a pause of emphasis.

"I understand," he broke in. "The last shall be first. But I can't think of six names; one is so indelibly written on my heart that—"

"Oh, I can arrange that!" she interrupted blithely. "You know they must be written by someone else, any way—some disinterested person."

"Oh!"—very humbly.

But as he watched her brows wrinkle in arch perplexity, he concluded that it was not such a bad thing after all, this idea of tying up wedding cake in boxes, and he became convinced that weddings, on the whole, were not such a bore when he saw the ubiquitous best man peer into the half light of the veranda and retire precipitately.

"There's one thing I forgot," she was saying, "each slip must be destroyed as it is drawn out, and only the last one read."

"Humph! Strict requirements, these! It would give a fellow some satisfaction perhaps to know whom he had escaped."

"Oh, but the charm won't work unless you do! Promise, now!"—imperatively.

And he promised. Then—

"Oh, I say," he cried, interrupting the writing again. "You'll put your own name down, won't you?"

"Shall I?" she queried doubtfully.

"Well, rather!" And though the light was dim she saw something in his eyes that made her add hastily:

"Oh, very well, since it is by request."

On the eighth day thereafter she received the following telegram:

Your name seventh. Has charm worked? And it was not till their honeymoon was at the zenith that she told him—confidentially—that each bit of cardboard had borne the same name, and there had been no blank.—*Munsey's.*

An Engineer's Story.

Suffered the Pangs of Rheumatism For Years.

Was Reduced in Weight From 180 to 130 Pounds—His Friends Feared That Recovery Was Impossible—Now Actively Attending to His Duties.

From the Midland Free Press.

Alexander McKenzie is one of the well known residents of Brookholm, Ont., where he has lived for many years. A few years ago it was thought that an early grave would be his; on the contrary, however, he is now stout and strong, and the story of his recovery is on the lips of almost all the citizens of that burgh.

The writer, while visiting in the village, could not fail to hear of his recovery, and with the reporter's proverbial nose for news decided to put to the proof the gossip of the village. The reporter visited Mr. McKenzie's home and was introduced to Mrs. McKenzie. Enquiry elicited the information that Mr. McKenzie was not at home, but when he returned to his mission the lady freely consented to tell the reporter of her husband's case. Her story runs like this:

"Mr. McKenzie is 40 years of age, an engineer by profession, and is now on a boat on the lakes. About five years ago he began to feel twinges of rheumatism in different parts of his body and limbs. For a time he did not think much of it, but it gradually got worse until the pain was such that he was unable to work, and could not get rest at nights. I would have to get up two or three times a night," said Mrs. McKenzie, "to try and relieve this intense suffering. Of course he consulted a physician who pronounced his trouble sciatic rheumatism. The doctor did what he could for him, but without giving any permanent relief. This went on for several years; sometimes he would be some better and try to work, then the trouble would come on again and be as bad as ever."

"He was pulled down from being a stout man of 180 pounds to about 130, and was so thin and miserable that all who knew him thought it would be only a matter of a short time until he would be in his grave. For four years did he thus drag along a miserable existence, until in the beginning of 1897 someone recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Tired of medicine, with some reluctance he procured a box and gave them a trial. Almost at once a change was perceptible and as he kept on taking them the improvement continued, and he was soon able to be about. By the time he had taken about a dozen boxes he was free from the slightest twinges of rheumatism, and as stout and strong as he had been before his affliction. So great is his faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that when he left home recently to go up the lake for the summer, he took three boxes with him as a preventative against a possible recurrence of the trouble."

Mrs. McKenzie was quite willing that this story should be made public, and believes that she owes her husband's life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

The Rarest Pearls

are found on the coasts of Ceylon, but the rarest of all is...



"The World's Preference."

The Raw Recruits.

It has been found almost impossible to instil correct ideas of discipline into the heads of the United States volunteers. In Canada we can hardly understand this, as our people readily realize how necessary strict discipline is in our militia, but over in the republic the young are taught that they belong to the greatest people on earth, and hence each one has a half notion that he is the greatest man on earth. Naturally he cannot refrain from dropping out of rank to counsel the general. Among the many stories told illustrating the rawness of the United States volunteers is one that appears in San Francisco *Town Talk*. General King has

charge of the recruits in San Francisco. Riding along one of the fine drives at the Presidio one day, General King passed a raw recruit who failed to salute him. Wheeling his horse around, the general halted the man and said:

"Do you know who I am?"

"I don't know whether you are a policeman or a fireman," answered the "raw."

"Well, I'm General King, and you must salute a superior officer wherever you meet one."

With this the "pride of the nation" slapped his august general on the leg and said:

"Well, general, I'm glad to know you. Give me a match."

Lugsdin's



Fur Catalogue "B"

Many out-of-town readers of SATURDAY NIGHT may be as interested in a fine collection of stylish high quality furs as we are showing as people at home. Drop a card for our new fur catalogue; it's a complete price list and model book of all the new, stylish fur garments in all the favorite furs and combinations—and we'll warrant you can be as well served as though you visited our warehouses and made a personal selection. We send goods on approval and we cheerfully refund your money if you send it for any garment that does not meet your expectation. If you want a garment made to order, tell us what you'd like and ask for a self-measurement card.

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Two Royal Women and One Cause.

NOW that Spain has passed through such deep tribulation there is even more interest than usual taken in Don Carlos. As he is in Switzerland the Swiss authorities are closely regarding him and his authorities to see that no unfair use is made of the refuge afforded the Pretender. Don Carlos knows that his letters are frequently inspected by the authorities, and when he began to receive many telegrams in cipher, the Pretender was disgusted to receive a warning visit from the Commissaire de Police. A story has just come to light in London showing how Don Carlos sought to meet the difficulty. He decided to send the Princess, his wife, to Geneva, so that she might receive under an assumed name part of the telegrams.

So she left Lucerne, and arrived one day at the Hotel de la Paix, Geneva, under the name of the Countess Solange. On the evening before a German gentleman, Herr Graf von Erbst, had taken two rooms on the first floor. By mere chance they adjoined those of the aristocratic countess, and by another stroke of fate his seat at the table d'hôte was precisely on the right of the one occupied by the noble-looking voyageuse, so, thanks to the opportunities offered by the salt and pepper, the fruit and the cakes, he ventured to speak a few words to her. The Duchess of Madrid, as everyone knows, is a de Rohan, a true Parisian, not a bit stuck up, fond of a chat, and fascinated by a well-trimmed pair of mustaches. It was not long before Herr von Erbst knew that the lady was very anxious to find a suitable villa on the shores of the lake, where she would be able to receive a few friends of hers and spend the end of the summer season. The same reason exactly had brought the count to Geneva. The communication of this fact, however, threw something like cold water on the Countess Solange's amiable confidence; so, making reasonable excuse, she said no more, and went straight to her rooms after dinner.

On the morning the Count was in the morning room, when, at nine, the Countess entered to take her "café au lait"; he got up with great embarrassment, and handing her an envelope, told her that she would find in it a list of the principal country seats which were to be let in the neighborhood. Madame Solange turned red, and looked annoyed; she decidedly regretted having been so talkative on the day before, and could not help seeing that the eyes of her gallant "voisin de table" were very sharp, and seemed to look into the innermost depths of her own. So she thanked him rather frigidly, and after breakfast ordered a carriage and started on her errand.

At dinner she again met Herr von Erbst, who, somewhat demurely, asked her if she had been able to make a choice. "Yes," she answered, "and I have to thank you very much; I have found exactly what I wanted."

"The Pervenches, is it not?" said he. The Duchess of Madrid turned crimson. "How do you know this?" she asked angrily. "One would really think that you act as a spy around me."

"Oh, madam," answered the Count, with an air of supreme indignation; "how can you say anything so disagreeable? I must tell you how I happened to know that you had taken The Pervenches. Just after you left, I went with a friend of mine to see a pretty place not far from the one you have chosen; it is called Le Bocage." Then he gazed steadily at the Countess of Solange, who looked quite unconcerned. "Le Bocage," he went on, "is an historical house. In 1874 a lady took it in order to be on neutral soil, and help her husband, who was agitating to try and regain a throne from which he considered himself unjustly deprived."

"Ah!" interrupted the Countess, winning slightly. "Yes, quite so. The lady was no less than Marguerite of Parma, the first wife of Don Carlos. She was quite young, almost a girl, but very ambitious and brave, and from her residence of La Bocage, which she had taken under a false name, she steadily sent over arms and ammunition to the rebels. She also hid there those who had escaped from the field of battle, and provided them with the necessary means to return to the mountains and join the gangs of Carlists; but she became too audacious at last, and she was arrested one day by order of the Federal Council just as she was sending a gun to a certain friend of hers at Pau. However," said Herr von Erbst, with a gallant smile, "we are not too hard on beautiful and brave ladies in Switzerland, and Marguerite of Parma was not sent into 'carcere duro.' No, she was simply taken to the frontier in her own carriage and left in the Convent of St. Julien with the promise that her belongings and her maids would be sent to her the day after."

"For six years the windows were shut at Le Bocage, but in 1880 the severe measures which had been taken against Don Carlos and his wife were repealed on his demand, and one day the Pretender arrived at the forsaken country place with a lady, not Marguerite of Parma—far from that—and there he lived for months in great luxury. Le Bocage was so gay, and such high jinks were played there, that one day the sharks—you know whom I mean, madame—the men of law, came, turned out the Pretender and his pseudo Pretenderess, and sold the place to pay the debts of Monsieur le Prince. My friend has become the proprietor of Le Bocage, and he will be delighted to become your neighbor, madame."

"Too kind, indeed, too kind," cried the Countess Solange, who had been biting her lips till they bled. "Let me tell you, though, Monsieur le Comte, that I pity a country which can find counts and noblemen ready to accept the trade of detective and—"

"Plano, plano, Princess!" answered Herr Graf von Erbst, laughingly; "appearances, you know, are sometimes very deceitful, and Counts are rare in Switzer-

land. I rose in rank to play my part, and you descended to play yours. I am plain Herr Schuhmacher, from the Lucerne police, while you, Madame—!" He bowed deeply. "And now, believe me, you had better renounce The Pervenches. You would not be left alone there, and we sincerely hope that your august husband will soon find Switzerland too cold and too damp, for we do not like Pretenders, and somehow we entertain an absurd lingering love for Spain just as it is."

The Drummer Won.

A COMMERCIAL traveler wanted to know if the train was late and ventured to ask the operator in the ticket office:

"Dawnaw," replied the gentleman of the keys, meaning, probably, "I don't know."

"But I am told it is an hour and a half late," persisted the traveler, smiling.

"You surely can tell me if that is true."

"Dawnawnathawbawbaw," replied the knight of the sounding-board, turning the back of his head to the questioner.

"But it is highly desirable that I should know," said the gatherer of orders, still more pleasantly. "I can make three business calls in that hour and a half, and still have fifteen minutes' margin. Don't you think you had better find out for me? It will take you only a minute or two, you know."

"Finownoth," replied the lightning manipulator, probably meaning, "Find out nothing;" and he began reading the advertisement columns of a daily paper, paying no more attention to his questioner.

"This is a commercial as well as a railroad telegraph office," asked the traveler, still in the blandest tones.

"Yah," replied the operator, meaning, "Yes."

"A telegraph blank, please."

The document was half thrown at him. He wrote a message and handed it back, with money to pay for it.

The operator commenced reading it, hitting the words one by one with his pencil to count them. Before he was half done he ceased hitting and looked up at the writer.

"Good sakes, man, I can't send this!" he exclaimed, giving this time each word its full sound. "I'd lose my position."

"And you'll lose it if you don't send it, I fear," replied his amiable tormentor, sympathizingly. "You have no right to hold it back a minute."

The operator read it over again. It ran: "Superintendent Railroad: Will you kindly tell me how many minutes late train No. — is? It is important that I should know, and your operator here refuses to inform me."

"Look here, now!" exclaimed the operator, ignoring his newspaper and everything else except the traveler. "I really wish you wouldn't insist on sending this. I think I must be somewhat in the wrong, and I—I—beg your pardon. I can find out for you in two minutes."

"Yes, I thought perhaps you could," replied the other, returning the money to his pocket and putting on the sweetest smile of the day, in which he was joined by several bystanders, while the operator fairly exuded information.

Save The Pennies

and the dollars will take care of themselves. You can save many pennies by using that new English Home Dye of highest quality that washes and dyes at one operation—Maypole Soap.

All colors—it dyes to any shade. It won't crock or streak. It is brilliant and absolutely fast.

Use
Maypole
Soap
Dyes

10 cents (15 for blacks) of druggists and grocers.

Excellence...

is the reward of merit—that is the reason

Ludella CEYLON TEA

has such a widespread popularity.

Lead Packages

25, 40, 50 and 60c.

TO KEEP OUT THE COLD



Changeable Weather

throws the human machinery out of gear and renders it more susceptible to prevalent ailments.

After a "muggy" period the first cold day "strikes home," unless the system is well fortified by strengthening stimulative nourishment, of which the most perfect form is

Bovril

BOVRIL, Limited

30 Farringdon Street, London, England 25 & 27 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Canada

Return this advertisement to us with 2-cent stamp and we will send you WHONHART'S GREAT WAR PUZZLE. We are offering \$100.00 for the solution of this puzzle. W.

...SAVE YOUR DOLLARS...

Dry Royal Champagne

De Druitt, the highest authority on wines, says of the above: "Whether for health or merriment it equals the most expensive and can be had for about half the cost."

Agents - - - J. M. DOUGLAS & CO. - - - Montreal

For you in two minutes." "Yes, I thought perhaps you could," replied the other, returning the money to his pocket and putting on the sweetest smile of the day, in which he was joined by several bystanders, while the operator fairly exuded information.

A Young Mustache.

Chicago Tribune.

"When a man's upper lip is so feeble," snorted Rivers, "that he has to wear his mustache in a sling—"

"Who has had to do that?" hotly demanded Brooks.

"You!" said Rivers.

"It is false!"

"I saw you the other day with your mustache in a sling!"

"Rivers, I don't like to call a man a liar, but when you say—"

"Don't try to crawl out of it, Brooks!"

"It's an infamous—"

"Stop! You'll be sorry if you say another word! Look me in the eye! I saw you, Brooks, two days ago—with your mustache—in a sling. It was—a gin—sling. Brooks, if you throw that inkstand I'll break your head."

Wit and Current Jokes.

Youths' Companion.

AFTER Mr. Gladstone's death the English journals, describing the absolute confidence and reverence given to him by his wife, told as a fact that upon one occasion, when a group of men were discussing some political complications in her drawing-room, one of them said:

"Only He who is above can bring order out of this confusion."

"Yes, he can," said Mrs. Gladstone, promptly. "But he is dressing now. He will be down presently."

The English public smiled with an affectionate sympathy at the pathetic story.

But the same anecdote was soon discovered in a letter of Mrs. Browning's written forty years ago, in which she lays the mistake at the door of another blindly devoted wife, Madame de Girardin.

Wit, or even laughable jokes, are always in demand. Hence, the frequent thefts and repetitions of both. George IV. is said to have angrily asked a young courtier once at a reception, when the mayors of two cities were presented to him:

"What all these fellows? They bend to the floor, and keep bobbing like mandarins!"

"Ah, your majesty," said the young man, "they come for money. They are like empty jugs. The lower they stoop

HUDSON'S Soap
A FINE POWDER. IN PACKETS.

"I am more than satisfied."

R. S. HUDSON, 34 Chabouillez Square, Montreal

No Dissatisfaction when Hudson's Soap is used. It quickly drives the dirt away but won't wear out the clothes.

the fuller they will be."

The king was pleased with the sharp retort and repeated it. The next day a jealous courtier said to him:

"The *mot* is not new. It was said to Napoleon by Marshal Ney of some Corsican nobles who came to pay homage to the new emperor."

A few days later another story was brought to the king. "That joke was borrowed. It was first said to Pope Julius II. of some begging monks."

"Not at all," interposed a savant. "A Greek general made that reply to Hector when—"

"Enough! enough!" cried the king. "It is but a poor fox to hunt through so many centuries!"

Very many of the current jokes of today can be traced through French, Italian and Greek "Ana" to the distant past.

What Does It Mean?

It means rich blood, strong nerves and sound digestion. It means prosperity and growth to the young. It means good color and mental vigor. That's what Scott's Emulsion means.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children, while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Bond's Soap Will

Write or call for sample at Bond's Soap Agency, 1 St. Helen Street, Montreal, and 18 Victoria Street, Toronto.

Cleanse Everything but Morals
Polish Everything but Manners
Brighten Everything but Ideas
Burnish Everything but Thoughts

Will not wash clothes.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THE DRAMA

THE theatrical event of the week in Toronto naturally is the appearance of Julia Arthur at the Grand Opera House during the latter half of the week. Miss Arthur is a Canadian girl and has many personal acquaintances in the city, who have sung her praises in season and out for years. Last year when the young star came here at the head of her own company the long-nourished curiosity of the town was gratified. Previously we had seen her in meagre little roles with Sir Henry Irving, and had read of her work in first-class parts at the London Lyceum, but as Glorinda Wildairs we saw her last season for the first time in the center of the stage adequately supported and surrounded with the accessories necessary to a triumph. And she—Julia Arthur the actress, not Glorinda—met our greatest hopes, and we declared that she was almost without a rival in her own class of work. But somewhat amusingly, too, we confessed that we had not seen her in her own class of work, for we declared a Lady of Quality a poorly constructed piece, rather displeasing in theme and stiff and inartistic in form. We had hoped to see Miss Arthur in quite other guise than as the hoydenish girl who came to grief, but we seem to have fallen in with her too early in the season and while her repertoire is not ready for presentation.

But it would have been too bad if a Lady of Quality had been cut off entirely, so marked have been the improvements in it since its first presentation here. The piece has grown rounder, and has lost some of its angularities. The costumes and settings are new and very handsome, while Miss Arthur herself has developed in her role to a very gratifying extent. There have been several changes in the cast, W. S. Hart, well known in Toronto, succeeding Edwin Arden as Sir John Oxen; White Whitley succeeding the unfortunate Scot Inglis as the Duke of Osmond; Horace Lewis succeeding Stephen Townsend as Dunstanwolde, and T. B. Bridgeland succeeding George Woodward as Sir Geoffrey. These changes are improvements, no doubt, when we remember that the company will play repertoire.

Last week I stated that Julia Arthur would present Ingomar at her Saturday evening performance. This intention has been abandoned, although I am sure Toronto people would have enjoyed Ingomar very much.

Joe Ott and a strong company of supporting players have appeared at the Toronto Opera House this week in Looking for Trouble. The piece is full of fun, music and dancing, and the crowds have been much pleased with it. The dancers wear long skirts, handsome gowns and modest airs, and the effect is galvanic on audiences jaded with the sight of the "muslin saucers" so long in use.

The Girl from Paris came back to the Grand Opera House for the first half of the week and amused those who like the cute and tootle-tootle-kind of song and dance entertainment, of which it is one of the leading examples.

Du Maurier's death was a happily timed one. He had won an enduring name as a black and white artist and caricaturist. Late in life he invaded literature and produced two novels. The second of these became the most successful book of the day. Then in the midst of his glory as an author, with a long successful career as an artist behind him, with another book just hopefully finished, he died. If he had lived a few months longer he would have seen the failure of his third book. He would have seen the discriminating unwavering public turn to criticizing his first success which they had blindly admired. He would have seen the Tribby re-action. His old age might have been embittered. But it was as if Providence loved the genial old man and snatched him away in time. His dearest friends couldn't wish it otherwise.

Tribby is one of the most lovable characters in fiction. In the portrayal of it at the Princess this week Miss Stone has probably endeared herself to Toronto theatergoers more than by all her other roles combined. The generous, open-hearted Tribby, the merry, frank, unaffected girl, the sunshine of the Quarter, the pure, unsulliable nature above the conventional morality—who ever read her pathetic story without loving her? The book as a balanced work of art may be criticized and found fault with, if you will; the dramatization of it may be still more so, for it no doubt falls

to enter into the full spirit of the book—but Tribby herself is ever charming. Miss Stone has the task of making her conception harmonize with that of every former admirer of the character. That she does so is evident from the silentness of the house when she is on the stage. No sign of appreciation could be more sincere. It is hard to melt the pro-vice everydayness, so to speak, of the average person. Of course there are always some who are ready to wilt on the slightest provocation; any kind of bathos is the signal for tears. But to the average person stage sentiment and pathos have to be mighty real and true in these unimaginative times. There are those who complain that Tribby is mushy, but I fancy they are either laboring under an affectation or are striking exceptions.

In the dramatization of Tribby each character has an unusually strong individuality. This, I suppose, is to a great extent due to the fact that the make-ups are based on Du Maurier's illustrations, which form one of the chief charms of the book. Thus the minor roles are more interesting than is usually the case. Mr. Stuart gave a sufficiently powerful portrayal of Svengali—in the play the leading masculine part—fully equaling, I think, the production of it we saw here before. The adapter, however, has overdrawn the part for melodramatic effect, and there is too much of the weird awesome business to please most Tribby admirers. Mr. Cummings, as Taffy, was as big and powerful-looking as the Englishman should be. Mr. Kingstone was a very good Laird, but his rising inflection grows rather monotonous and his Scotch dialect is uncertain. Mr. O'Neill's Little Billee was, if anything, more satisfactory than the Billee we saw at the Grand some two years ago. Miss Andrews was also a first-rate Madame Vinard. Altogether, leaving the question of whether the play does the book justice or not, and speaking of the play alone, the production is a most artistic one—perhaps the most creditable one yet attempted by the company.

One of the features of the production of Tribby at the Princess this week was the singing of Ben Bolt by Miss Nellie James. Miss James is a young Toronto girl, a pupil of Mr. Haslam, and made her first appearance at Massey Hall last week, when her full rich contralto voice won the hearts of everyone who heard it. She has all the requisites of a fine singer and seems destined to win fame for herself and her native city.

The Cummings Stock Company will offer their first Empire Theater comedy at the Princess Theater next week, having secured for presentation at popular prices Gloriana, which was originally presented in this country by Mr. Charles Frohman's comedians immediately after its long run in London. Eng. Gloriana is a farcical comedy of the really funny kind, causing a continual scream of laughter just as long as the curtain is up. The comedy in Gloriana, while farcical, is by no means of the nonsensical order, and its splendid successes abroad, as well as in this country, should make it a big act at the Princess. It is said that the Cummings Stock Company are splendidly suited to this comedy, and a highly amusing performance may be looked forward to. Miss Florence Stone appears in the title role, in which she appears to good advantage. Gloriana was very well received at the Grand here some few years ago.

A sermon to husbands with some pointers for wives is the theme of one of Miss Jessie Alexander's sketches for her opening night at Massey Hall on Friday evening next. It is full of happy hits. Another original number will be Our Country Cousins at the Exhibition, and selections will follow from Sir Walter Scott, Bret Harte and other authors. Musical numbers will be contributed by Miss Margaret Huston.

Roland Reed produced a new play in Chicago Monday night called The Voyagers. It was written by Madeline Lucette Ryley. The piece is a recital of the adventures of a middle-aged physician from the East, who poses for a night at a banquet of the Voyagers' Club of San Francisco as the brother of a famous explorer. Mr. Reed and his wife, Isadore Rush, are said to have congenial roles.

Lewis Morrison will appear next week at the Toronto Opera House with his great spectacular drama, Faust. There will be no increase of prices, and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday matinees will be given. There should be a record week at Manager Small's theater.

There is a tragical triple alliance abroad. Mr. Louis James, Miss Kathryn Kidder, and Mr. Frederick Warde have banded together and are playing a repertoire of Shakespeare's heaviest tragedies with much success.

The Royal Italian Opera Company, which was to have been at the Grand Opera House next week, has cancelled its engagement. This organization is all the fad in and around New York. It is now appearing at the Casino.

The dramatists who are responsible for the production of the Dreyfus case on the American stage call the piece Devil's Island. They have anticipated the outcome of the celebrated case by setting the alleged spy free.

Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have again joined dramatic forces, after a summer's separation. During the winter they will come to America for an extensive tour.

Miss Francis of Yale is still in vogue on the road. Etienne Girardot, the original Charley's Aunt, is playing the leading role.

The American tour of Olga Nethersole will begin in November. Her new play, The Mercenary, is to be included in her repertoire.

Miss Julia Hanchett, a member of the Cummings Stock Company last season, is now with In Old Kentucky.

Shades of Ada Gray! East Lynne has been revived in New York under the name of The Young Wife.

Albert Arling Parr, a Toronto singer, is again touring with The Geisha Company.

Turf Stories.

Blake, the Jockey, and His Experiences in Canada.

By JOHN F. RYAN.

ONE jockey who will always remember Canada and the Canadian racing circuit is Blake, and although he is popular with a large number of admirers, still his path has not been strewn with roses in this expansive land. He first got into trouble at Bel-Air several years ago, when he was ruled off for alleged crooked riding.

Blake was and is a good jockey, and one season, if I remember correctly, stood third on the winning list, but since the Montreal affair he has not been so lucky. He has been peculiarly unfortunate in being beaten out by narrow margins, as, for instance, in his race on Bridal Tour at the meeting just closed, when, after being in command until the last few yards, he was beaten by a scant nose.

Blake, although he can ride at Woodbine, is not allowed to earn any money at Hamilton and is also barred from all tracks controlled by the syndicate. In this respect he is in a more peculiar position than any jockey who has ridden in Canada. He was granted his license at New York, and this, it was thought, would overrule all objections, but at Montreal, Mr. George Hendrie, when asked to allow Blake to ride, said: "No, he will never have a mount at any track over which we have control."

As if this were not enough, Blake was ushered off the track, although he had paid an admission fee.

Now, if Blake is good enough and honest enough to ride at the Ontario Jockey Club meeting, which is admitted by all to be the best and most legitimate in Canada, why is he not good enough to ride on the syndicate tracks? I have tried hard to find a reason, but as yet without success.

Blake has left for New York, and before going said that he would be back here for the spring meeting.

Horsemen have turned envious eyes on Mr. Reinhardt's grand three-year-old hunter, Romancer, that won two races so cleverly at Woodbine. The other day a local owner offered Mr. Reinhardt four racehorses if he would trade, but the offer was refused.

What little training Romancer received previous to the meeting was given him at the old Newmarket track.

One fine morning about a week before the races the colt, with 140 pounds up, ran a mile and a quarter there in 2:21, as near as could be calculated, and most surprising of all, finished the last quarter on the up grade in 27 seconds. That was convincing proof of his speed, and when it came to race day he was liberally backed by all who heard of it.

Romancer is a Seagram cast-off, which goes to show that good things may be picked up at sales where the stock offered is so choicely bred as that owned by Mr. Seagram. Buying a colt is like picking out the black bean, but the chances of getting a good one are much better at a sale which is not merely a weeding out affair.

When I mentioned several months ago that Mr. Seagram intended disposing of his horses the statement was contradicted, but one sale has been held already at Grand's and another will be held in a few weeks. Furthermore, according to despatches from New York, there will be another sale down there.

The Seagram string seems to have been greatly weakened, and as is generally the case, misfortunes followed upon one another's heels. Who ever hears nowadays of Havoc, Farthing, Morpheus, Cavalero, Golden Badge or Connoisseur?

The usual fall rumors are going the rounds regarding the appointment of a new trainer by Mr. Seagram, but it is safe to say that no one knows the Waterloo turfman's plans in this matter. Gaynor's name has been mentioned, and it has also been stated that John R. Walker might be given his old position. These questions will not probably be decided until after the sales.

Several local horsemen have asked me to call attention to what they think is a gross injustice at the Woodbine track. One of them put it in this way:

"I am a Toronto man, have been here all my life, have always conducted myself properly at this track and have never been accused of doing anything contrary to the rules of the club, but I have been unable to get a badge which will entitle me to go in where I can see the finish in the races. I cannot even see how my horses are running. If I were a Yankee I would probably be accommodated, but being a Toronto owner, I guess it is not worth while catering to my wants."

Such is the complaint, and the cause should be removed before next year, for an owner should certainly be given a badge which will enable him to get a seat where he can see the race from start to finish and learn how his horse is running.

Anyone who follows racing is bound to go "down and out," as the saying goes, at some stage. One of the unfortunates at the last meeting was James Wilson. He is well known on every track and is a character hard to beat. I do not know what his capital was when he started here, but Saturday night found him stranded. He canvassed his friends, but what he borrowed from one was spent in trying to hunt up another, and it began



MR. LEWIS MORRISON AS MEPHISTO IN FAUST.

to look as if he would have to remain in Toronto, when an acquaintance bought a ticket to Windsor for him and sent him on his way rejoicing.

On the Links.

AN unusual profusion of flowers, ferns and palms made the dining-room of the Toronto Golf Club very pretty last Saturday evening. It was the occasion of the regular monthly dinner of the club, but the members had arranged to also make it the occasion of the presentation to Mr. G. S. Lyon of the Championship Cup won by him at the recent tournament of the Royal Canadian Golf Association. Covers were laid for forty. Mr. J. Henderson sat at the head of the long table, and on his right the guest of the evening, Mr. Lyon. In presenting the cup, which was filled with the old Scotch drink, potheen, and passed around for each guest to drink to the future health and success of the champion, Mr. Henderson referred to the good feeling existing among the members of the Toronto Club over the passing of the championship to another club. He was sorry, naturally, that the Torontos could not have held for a second season what their representative, Mr. Kerr, so deservedly won last year, but since that was not possible, he was delighted it had gone to the Rosedale Club, which had done so much for golf in the past two years; he was glad a Toronto man had won, and he most heartily congratulated Mr. Lyon on having made his way in such a short time to the very front rank of Canadian golfers.

Mr. Lyon responded in his own happy style, his Irish wit asserting itself all through his speech, and the usual toasts and songs of a club dinner were proceeded with. Forming part of the table and room decorations were the various trophies won by members of the T. G. C. conspicuous among them the handsome silver cup won by Mr. A. W. Smith in the recent tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake. It was verging close on twelve before the club-house was in darkness, and those who were not remaining overnight wended their way down the hill, taking with them the remembrance of one of the jolliest dinners of the year.

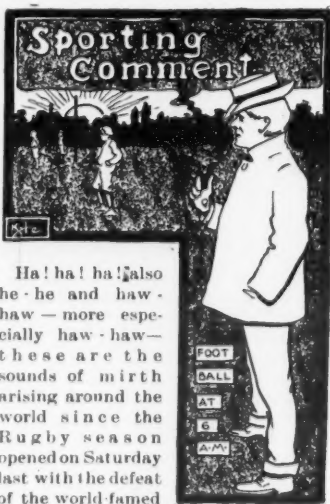
Capt. R. G. Dickson, a prominent member of the Niagara Golf Club, has been spending a few days in town. He was put up as a visiting member of the Rosedale Club, and expressed himself as delighted with the links.

At this early date it is already being predicted that Walter B. Smith of the Onwentsia Golf Club, who played Findlay Douglas in the finals last month for the championship of the United States, will be a match for Douglas the next time they meet. He is playing a magnificent game, and although the recent contest left him five down and three to play, the cause is supposed to be in the fact that he was off play in his drives. Usually his driving is the best part of his game, but in the recent tournament he somehow failed to get in his long, straight balls, and his defeat is accordingly attributed largely to that.

In September the editor of Golf offered a prize to whoever sent him the most accurate list, guessed, of course, of the ten men who would be finally chosen to meet the Canadian ten in the international match at Toronto on October 1. Only those who had followed the play of the United States golfers and knew their standing and what they were capable of doing in a final effort could very well guess correctly. Mr. Stewart Gillespie of the Quebec Club came nearer than anyone else,

with five correct names, and captured the prize for his astuteness.

Very few have not heard of Mrs. Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor. She ranks as one of the wealthiest women of Chicago, is acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful women of the United States, and until recently was never beaten in a game of golf. In the open tournament for women at Onwentsia last month she added one more to her numerous other victories and won the Governor's cup, making her champion of the West. There were thirty-eight starters for the event, the four who qualified for match play being Miss Margaret Abbott, Miss Marion Shearson, Miss J. A. Carpenter, and Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor. The finals were played off by Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor and Miss Carpenter. It was a very pretty match and an exceedingly close one as shown by the score. At the eighteenth hole the match was a tie. The nineteenth was halved, and Mrs. Taylor won the twentieth by one stroke, giving her the match and the coveted championship. HAZARD.



Ha! ha! ha! Also he-he and haw-haw—more especially haw-haw—these are the sounds of mirth arising around the world since the Rugby season opened on Saturday last with the defeat of the world-famed players of the Osgoode and Argonaut teams of Toronto by the obscure and unsung players from Ottawa and Hamilton. It is to laugh. It is as if we were taking our bull-dog to a pit to fight for the championship of the world, and on the way the first dog we met—some old poodle or pug—sprang on our pedigreed bone-breaker and thrashed him to a standstill. It is as if we spent all our earnings in buying a gold brick, and on taking it to the assayer found that it was of base metal, with a dollar's worth of wash on the outside. Where was Bug Jones on Saturday? Where were the thirty or forty Bug Joneses who have been enjoying daily paragraphs for the past month in most of the Toronto dailies, until people from Halifax to Dawson City are talking of Bug Jones and the way he punts, or heels out, or passes back, or tackles? Unless mine eye deceived me the men of whom the papers raved were in the field against Ottawa and Hamilton on Saturday last, and as they went from bad to worse and were overmatched in every department of the game by the mere ordinary players opposed to them, the much-belauded aggregations of unequaled, great, famous players were unitedly and severely lessened down, doomed and made ridiculous by the columns of daily paragraphs which told the world that these players were the finest that ever happened. The protest which I entered three weeks ago against the guff in the newspapers caused hundreds of followers of the game to keep tab on the "paragraph players," and on Saturday there was much laughter when these men were really called upon

to play football and for the most part idea as to how to go about it. Osgoode, coached in the game by "the greatest coach in the world" and the team made up of "great," or "famous," or "sterling," or "hard-to-equal," or "fastest in the business," or "iron" men, was simply not a team at all but a disorganized mob of players animated by no general idea other than to object to and to resist in turn the effective and numerous schemes by which the Ottawas worked the ball wherever desired. The Osgoode team did not operate one single successful manœuvre during the game. It had but one evidence of cunning—when the two teams were in looked arms and Ottawa was pushing the Toronto heap back to the line as a dagger pushes his banana-cart, then some legalite threw himself down on the path of the writhing mass and overturned its ton weight on his devoted ribs. But even this could not apparently be done without loud and repeated commands from the captain, who, perhaps, didn't want to lose sight of himself by doing it in person.

For years Toronto has not made such a holy show of herself on the Rugby field as on the 8th of October. In ordinary defeat there is no discredit, but when a city has two teams composed entirely of players who are phenomena and whose names are bruited about the whole continent for weeks as the marvels of the age, their subsequent and complete annihilation by the very first teams that can get near them turns the whole thing into a farce. Both teams were out-clasped, over-played in every department of the game. Why should this be, unless the very players themselves were misled by the guff that filled the town, pumped as full of it as a pigskin is full of wind? Young players had their heads turned inside out, and, instead of improving, fell away from last year's form. They were made to think that a thousand kodaks were snapping at them whenever they appeared in public. Life to them was a triumphal progress—a Gaudaur's home-coming—and to listen to the dignity of these celebrities. Each felt that he was a star, and to listen to the hum of the stage-manager says: "Never mind him. Let him just walk through his part. He'll be all right when the time comes."

What could we do but laugh as the games progressed? It was too ridiculous to see the marvels of the age making such a marvelous mess of it. The newspapers had teemed with the praise of these men until no kind of a victory would have been large enough to satisfy public expectations. But when utter defeat comes, no wonder "the tumult and the shouting dies." And I see that already the paragraphs are at it again with a lot of new Bug Joneses, who are to replace others who were famous last week. It might have been hoped that October 8 would have marked the end of that sort of thing.

THE UMPIRE.

"Did you tell those ladies at the door that I was not at home?" "Yes, ma'am." "And they said?" "How fortint."

He—Reggy Fitzjames has become recklessly engaged to any number of girls, but he always gets out of it. She—With decency? He—Oh, yes; he merely has to go and ask their fathers' consent, and it's all over.

"Do you suppose the Administration will suffer by these War Department scandals?" "Hardly. The Administration didn't go to war without a full equipment of scapegoats."—Life.

The Hand of Providence. Was It?

By Marstyn Pogue.

THIS is not a story, except in the newspaper sense of the word. It is little more than the detailed narrative of a rather queer mishap, such an one as occurs seldom and always gets a half column, under a four-line head, on the front page.

The persons are four men whom you would look down upon, and consider depraved, dissolute and iniquitous scoundrels, a man of a dissimilar sort, whom you would not think less despicable, and a woman.

Harrigan's Falls is a north country village of no importance. It lies at the roots of Harrigan's mountain, which is a hill of insignificant height, and Black River sweeps in a long curve around the hill and the village. And the air is filled always with the deep thunder of the falls, which are not insignificant. These are a couple of hundred yards below the village, where the ground breaks off precipitously and the river cannot choose but descend vertically one hundred feet, which it does grandly with sustained Wagnerian tumult, and also with beautiful play of color and light, smooth greens and blacks, crystal curtains of spray, dancing flecks of prismatic spume and whirling eddies ringed with froth.

On the first of May, Rev. Cyrus Cornish, far gone in lung disease, came to Harrigan's Falls that his life might be prolonged a little time by the salubrious air and the vivifying balsamic scent with which the air is laden, the smell of the pines and the tamaracks and cedars. He could not afford to go to Bermuda, or Southern California, and so he came to the North Country from Toronto, bringing his wife and putting up at the Mountain House, which adhered to the steep slope of the hill, no man knew by what means. It overlooked the river and the roofs of the village, and it was the monument of its owner's folly. Since he had built it for the accommodation of a large number of summer visitors he had never had more than ten guests at the same time, and there were thirty rooms in the house.

Rev. Cyrus Cornish was not yet a prisoner under a counterpane, for he still had one lung, though it was in a state of decadence and worked feebly. He could walk about, and did so in his wife's company, and she admired the scenery. He did not admire the scenery or do anything save cough continuously and make himself objectionable to his wife and to the people whom he met, for he was a peevish invalid and all things displeased and irritated him. Moreover, he talked religion of the be-a-saint-or-go-to-hell variety to everybody, and held frequent and inopportune prayer-meetings in the deep, cool verandas and barn-like sitting-room of the hotel.

Neither the penitential nursing of his wife nor the balsamic odors did him the least good, and as he grew weaker he became more irritable. When he awoke in the dead of the night with a burning thirst and demanded lime juice, it was his playful habit, if he fancied that his wife was tardy in fetching it, to fling the liquid in her face when she brought it and send her back after more. On one of these occasions a jagged fragment of ice cut her on the forehead, and she went for days with a hideous bandage. Then in the morning he would go upon the veranda and inform the loungers that very soon his name would be added to the lengthy catalogue of deceased saints. He knew that he had not long to live, he said, and he would welcome death.

When he had been three weeks at the hotel and was sinking rapidly, there came a terrific storm overnight. The streaming rain loosened in some way the mysterious moorings of the Mountain House, and at half-past one of the clock the big building began slowly to move down the hill. The owner and his family, the guests, with two exceptions, and the servants, aroused by the peculiar sliding motion, rushed from their sleeping-rooms in their night clothing and, climbing over the veranda railings, disembarked, as it were, on the mountain side.

One of the two exceptions was Rev. Cyrus Cornish, whose single decaying lung was working very slowly and uncertainly, and who was so weak that he could not by any effort rise from his bed. The other was his wife, who rose from his side and hastily dressed. She realized the peril. She felt the downward motion of the house, and she knew that the road to the river which ran below was unobstructed, and that the current was swift and the falls near. But when she tried to lift her helpless husband from the bed she found to her horror that it was beyond her strength. He was a large man and she was a small woman. She made successive efforts until she was exhausted, calling for aid meanwhile in a voice filled with anguish. At length she rushed from the room and about the house crying tumultuously for help. Her shouts were unheard, and presently she returned to the room. She made a convulsive effort and raised the sick man from the bed. But in a moment she dropped him with a cry of despair. She could not carry him.

Then she sat down gasping, and at that moment the building began to slide more rapidly. The sick man howled with fear. His wife grew more calm and uttered a prayer. The storm became fiercer, and the lightning spurted and whiplashed and spewed itself over the sky. It shivered trees and excavated holes in the ferocious earth about the house. Presently the building, gaining momentum, plunged into the river and was caught by the current and swung about. The sleeping-room of the Cornishes was on the ground floor, which was instantly covered by a foot of water. This came about the ankles of the resolute woman, who sat calmly at her husband's side waiting to

die with him. The house drifted rapidly toward the falls, and the sick man ceased his outcry and began to pray. At that moment came to their ears above the tumult of the storm, the wild song of an alligator's siren. Not knowing what it was they shuddered. It was like the voice of a storm devil crying in the night.

It was really the voice of the big alligator, Hustling Billy, speaking, and it meant, "I am coming to the rescue." In the middle of the stream she "teased" at her cable, twenty feet of which was outboard, and snubbed to a great white pine on a tiny island in the mid-river, nearly opposite the point where the Mountain House plunged in. By the foresight of heaven she had steam on, having arrived at Harrigan's Falls from Algonquin Lake at a late hour the night before, and at break of day her skipper meant to portage around the falls, and go on his way down the river to the mills thirty miles below. Her crew of four men had not turned in, but sat playing penny-ante in the little cuddy when the great splash with which the hotel took the water came to their ears between crashes of thunder. The skipper, Big Billy Simpson, jumped quickly to his feet, made a long stride through the open door behind his chair into the wheel-house, flung up the starboard window, turned on his search-light and jerked the pivoted cylinder in the direction from which the sound had come. But as the white finger of light streamed out across the water a great flash of lightning showed the skipper, for a second of time, the white bulk of the hotel adrift, and he swore a string of oaths, loud and strong, which meant that he was amazed, and held the search-ray on it, shouting orders, rapid and punctuated by picturesque oaths, to his men, who had dropped their cards.

Then reaching back to the lever of the engine-room telegraph he rang for full speed astern, and caught the whistle-cord which dangled above his head. The siren



"Toughy" Johnson.

screamed like a soul in torment. Beside the Cornishes, the people who had escaped from the hotel heard its long-drawn scream, and seeing the ribbon of the search-ray also, knew that the gator had gone after the derelict building.

In the half of a minute "Scotty" MacPherson, the engineer, had reached his engine-room, "Scrappy" Jack Adams stood by the winch in the bows, and "Toughy" Johnson, the mate, was making a two-inch manila line fast to the big bits in the stern. Then "Scotty" gave her a full head, "Scrappy" threw the winch out of gear, and "Big Billy," grasping a spoke with his left hand, swung her head a little and with his right kept the search-ray on the hotel. She backed at a high speed, helped by the current, diagonally across the stream, for the Mountain House was hugging the shore. The drum of the winch raced as the steel wire-cable paid out. In three minutes she had caught up with the cruising hostelry, and as her stern bumped against the veranda, "Toughy," heaving his line, followed it instantly, leaping lightly over the railing. He rushed around the building with the end of the hawser. Then he made fast, shouted, "All hunkey-dorey, cap!" to the skipper, leaned his great shoulders against a post and bit off a fresh chew of black-strap tobacco. The skipper rang to "Scotty," who connected his powerful engine with the winch. It worked steadily like a clock, winding up the paid out cable, and so the Hustling Billy regained her mooring ground, towing the Mountain House astern.

Rev. Cyrus Cornish, insensate now with terror, did not realize that his valuable life had been saved, *pro tem.*, as it were. Mrs. Cornish, praying aloud, and momentarily expecting violent death, was astonished beyond expression when the rapid fallward motion of the building changed to a slower one in the opposite direction. The deep sound of the rain upon the roof and the crackle and crashing of the thunder had submerged all other sounds save the high shriek of the siren, and she had not dreamed of the possibility of a rescue.

With a faint thrill of hope in her sick heart, she opened the door, ran down the long hall, slushing through the water, and passed through a door which opened upon the front veranda. In the white flare of a lightning flash she saw the stern of a steamer, and was aware that a hard-featured man about seven feet high was

regarding her surprisedly and making exclamations of astonishment that should have shocked her.

At dawn the alligator began to haul the hotel up on the bank, and while the crew tugged and heaved and signaled each other, Rev. Cyrus Cornish reclined at a nearby window and whispered of the mercy of heaven and the efficacy of prayer.

The work done, the crew of the Hustling Billy got as drunk as the occasion seemed to demand, at the expense of the landlord of the Mountain House, and at next day-break went down the river. And three days later Rev. Cyrus Cornish died, and his wife returned to Toronto with his body.

Cyrano De Bergerac.

The Balcony Scene Wherein Cyrano Pours Out His Love, Renouncing For Christian.

TRANSLATED BY CHARLES RENAULD.

Act III.—Scene VI.

CYRANO.

AS NOW.—Let us enjoy the bliss there is in seeking to distinguish one the other. For you, I'm but the darkness of a cloak; for me, you are the whiteness of a robe. I'm shadow only, you are blessed light!

CYRANO.

My heart, through diffidence, forever calls upon my mind to shield it from disdain! I start to cull a star, and then I halt, for fear of ridicule, to pick a flower.

ROXANE.

A flower has its charms.

CYRANO.

Disdain them now!

ROXANE.

You never spoke to me as now you speak!

CYRANO.

Oh! let us set aside the pigmy things.

The superannuated niceties Of love as I understand to-day! Why sip by drops the water of a spring. When from a river we can freely quaff!

ROXANE.

But mind and wit!

CYRANO.

They've served to make you stay.

But now 'twould be an insult to the night, To fragrance, and to fate, and nature too. If we should hold unto affected style. One look above, and artifice discerns!

I fear that, with this subtle alchemy, The truth of sentiment might vaporize. The soul exhaust itself in futile play. And niceties be carried to a point So pointed that it end in nothingness!

ROXANE.

But mind and wit!

CYRANO.

I hate them now. It is

A crime to force sweet love to bandy words! There comes a time, moreover, be assured—Oh! how I pity those who feel it not!—When our breast overflows with noble love. A love that pretty words must desecrate!

ROXANE.

Since now for both of us the time has come,

What words shall I expect from you?

CYRANO.

All, all, All those I know: accept them scattered loose, I'm soothed, unbound, I love you—let me breathe!

I love thee and I rave. The joy too much! Thy name is in my heart as in a bell. Roxane, and as my heart forever throbs, The bell is e'er the sounder of thy name.

Of thee there's naught I do not hear and love: I mind me that, last year, the twelfth of May, A twist was changed in what's a crown, thy hair!

Thy glowing hair to me is truly light. When we have gazed too long upon the sun, We see on things around a halo reign; 'Tis thus when I have lost the light thou shedst.

My dazzled eyes are filled with golden sparks!

ROXANE.

Yes, this is love—

CYRANO.

The passion in my heart Is jealous, fierce, with sadness tainted, but It's really love—love, pure of selfish thought. Would I could give my happiness for thine. E'en shouldst thou ne'er suspect whose gift it was.

If I could hear, perchance, and from afar, The music of thy bliss, my offering! From every glance of thine fresh virtue springs, Fresh valor, too. Oh! say I'm understood. And that thou feelst my soul ascend to thee! All is to-night too beautiful and sweet!

And still it's true! I speak, at last, to thee. Yes, I to thee! Thy bliss too great! My hopes.

My wildest hopes, ne'er leaped to such a height: My dream's no dream, and I can die content. Because of me she quivers with the trees! For, leaf divine, you tremble with the leaves! Thou tremblest, for, against thy will or not, I feel, oh! bliss! the tremor of thy hand Descending now along these flowery vines.

(He imprints a passionate kiss upon one of the branches.)

ROXANE.

I tremble, yes; I weep, I love, I'm thine!

I am enthralled!

CYRANO.

May Death then come along, Since rapture's born of me, of me alone! What more can I expect of life?

(CHRISTIAN (under the balcony). A kiss!)

CYRANO.

Her Confession. Illustrated American.

The girl laid her fair head on the man's breast, and heaved a terrible sigh of anguish.

"Oh, George," murmured she, "I really have not meant to deceive you."

"Deceive me!" said he, in gentle surprise.

"Yes, I have kept things from you. One in particular that you ought to know. Time and again I intended to make a clean breast of it, and tell you everything, but somehow my resolution failed, and here the speaker completely broke down, and the young man did his best to soothe the spontaneous agony of his fair companion.

"Tell me now, darling, all about it."

"Are you prepared, George?"

"Yes, I can bear anything," he replied resolutely.

"And you promise you won't hate and despise me?"

"You must trust me," he replied after a pause.

"George?"

"Yes, dear."

"I—I—I can't ride a bicycle."

THE OLD CITY MAN

He Grows Reminiscent on the Question of Temperance When Interviewed.

By MACK.

AMONG the multitude of newcomers in Toronto you may find here and there an old man who was born right in the city and who has watched the way things have been shaping recently—meaning by that, the past thirty or forty years—with very strong disapproval. When the boom struck Toronto ten years ago these old men calmly looked on and took no lot nor share in the madness, for had they not been badly bitten away back in the fifties by a similar boom, and did they not witness the ruin of many by a little boom in the early seventies? Pshaw! This last boom fooled all the boys, but not men of experience who had their eye-teeth cut before yesterday.

"I once owned half of Yonge street," said an old man whom I meet every morning, rain or shine, and who always stops to have a chat. It is a habit with these old-timers to walk abroad and gaze at the big buildings that now stand on lots where they once grew potatoes. "If I'd just hung on to that lot," says the old-timer, "I'd be a rich man now."

The sturdy old man whom I meet every morning indulges in extravagant statements, feeling, no doubt, that the past belongs to him and that nobody can dispute the things that he declares himself to have witnessed with his own eyes.

"What do I think about the vote on Prohibition?" he said to me. "Oh, I don't know! Seems to me that it's a good thing it's beaten. I hobbled over and voted against it—that's what I did—though I've always been a temperate man, at least of late years. There was a time when I could take my bitters with the best of them. Seems to me that everybody gets to be old or middle-aged at twenty-one now. They didn't use to get middle-aged until they were fifty. See that fence across the road? When I was fifty I could run and jump clean over it—did it often."

"But," said I, "that fence was not there, surely, when you were fifty?"

"Not that same one—not that one—but one just like it, and I jumped it often."

"But you were speaking about drinking in the old days."

"So I was. Well, sir, seems to me that Prohibition wouldn't do any good, and if it's temperance you want, we've got it, and got more of it than I ever expected to live to see. There's a young man lives next to me, as steady a young fellow as ever was, yet he was discharged last spring for getting drunk. I never heard of a man getting discharged for that until just lately. Everybody used to get drunk, or at least they took enough liquor to make 'em drunk. If a man came along looking for work, and said he was a total abstainer, why, we'd just wonder what his game was. It would seem just as if he said: 'Here, you're a drunkard and ain't attending to business, and you need to stay sober all the time and attend to it for you.' That's the way it would make you feel if a man came to you for a job and said he was a total abstainer, and said it as if that was any recommendation. You would tell him to get out—that's what you'd tell him, in the old days. And as he'd go away you'd turn to your partner and you'd say: 'That fellow's an absconder or something. Better tell Dan to sleep in the warehouse to-night, and maybe to-morrow night.' Yes, sir, and I've seen Dan catch that total abstainer, too, climb up in the window."

"Oh, come," I said. "Come now."

"Yes, sir, dozens of times. They say now that if a man has the smell of liquor on his breath he gets discharged. In the old days you never smelt liquor on employees' breaths either. Now, you wonder at that."

"I thought you said—"

"So I did. You never smelt liquor on

their breaths because you'd had as much to drink as they had. Ha, ha, it just amounted to the same as it does now. There was a time when trainmen used to drink terribly hard, and accidents were few. Now if an engineer takes two drinks the train goes off the track sure. And it's all in the liquor. The kind we used to get didn't wreck trains. When you want a drink now you ask for ten-year-old—you should ask for forty-year-old; that's the kind we used to drink. Perhaps you think that it's keeping it that makes it good—no, sir, it's different liquor, and it's worth keeping in one sense, and it's a shame to keep it overnight in another sense. Sorry I sold that land on Yonge street, but just as sorry that I didn't put away a few barrels of liquor in '48 or '50."

"But you do not drink to any extent," I said.

"Nothing to drink. You watch the coroner's inquest when there's been a railway wreck and you'll see the engineer swear that he only had two drinks. When two drinks 'll do that to a whole railway train what would even one do to an old man like me?" There was a jovial twinkle in his old eye as he added: "No, there's nothing to drink. The thing's curing itself. The whiskey don't coax you like it used to, and besides, it's getting unfashionable to drink, and so there won't need to be Prohibition, for everybody's gradually getting it anyway. And no wonder," he snorted, starting off as he saw me about to board a car.

But whether his indignation was caused by the evils of intemperance or by the purchase of an unsatisfactory brand of liquor for his night-cap I am left to guess.

Mr. Dooley on the Indian War.

From the Chicago Evening Journal.

GIN'RAL SHERMAN was wan iv th' smartest men we ever had," said Mr. Dooley. "He said so many bright things. 'Twas him said, 'War is hell,' an' that's wan iv th' finest say-ins I know anything about. 'War is hell.' 'Tis a thure wurrud an' a fine sintiment."

"An' Gin'ral Sherman says: 'Th' on'y good Indyun is a dead Indyun.' An' that's a good sayin', too. So, be th' powers, we've started in agin' to improve th' race, an' if we can get in Gatlin' guns enough before th' winter's snows we'll turn thim Chippewas into a cimtry branch iv th' Young Men's Christian Association. We will so."

"Ye see, Hinnissy, th' Indyun is bound fr to give way to th' onward march iv white civilization. You an' me, Hinnissy, is th' white civilization. I come along an' I find ol' Snakes-in-His-Gaiters livin' quite an' decent in a new frame house. Thinks I: 'Tis a shame fr to lave this savage man in possession iv this fine abode, an' him not able fr to vote an' without a frind on th' polls foorce.' So, says I: 'Snakes,' I says, 'get along,' says I. 'I want yer house an' ye best move out west iv th' thracks an' dig a hole fr yerself,' I says."

"Divil th' fut will I step out iv this house," says Snakes. 'I built it an' I have th' law on me side,' he says. 'Fr why should I take Mary Ann, an' Terence, an' Honor, an' Robert Immitt Snakes, an' all me little Snakes an' rustle out west iv th' thracks,' he says, 'far frim th' bones iv me ancestors,' he says 'an' beyond th' wather pie extension,' he says."

"'Because,' says I, 'I am th' walkin' diligat iv white civilization,' I says. 'I am just as civilized as you,' says Snakes. 'I wear pants,' he says, 'an' a plug hat,' he says."

"Ye might wear tin pairs," says I, 'an' all at wanst,' I says, 'an' ye'd still be a savage,' says I, 'an' I'd be civilized,' I says. 'If I hadn't on so much as a bangle bracelet,' I says. 'So get out,' says I, 'fr th' plannny movers is outside r-ready to go to wurruk,' I says."

"Well, Snakes, he fires a shove lid at me an' I go down to th' polis station an' says I: 'Loot,' I says, 'they're a drunken Indyun not votin' up near th' mills an' he's carryin' on outrageous, an' he won't let me hang me pitchers on his wall,' says I. 'Vile savage,' says th' Loot, 'I'll tache him to raspviet th' rules iv civilization,' he says. An' he takes a wagon load an' goes

What the Bullet Sang.

From Harper's Weekly, 1861.

O, joy of creation, To be! O, rapture to fly And be free!

Be the battle lost or won, Though its smoke shall hide the sun, I shall find my love—the one Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands, All alone, With the power in his hands Not o'erthrown:

I shall know him by his face, If he's gentle front and grace, I shall hold him for a space All my own!

It is he—O, my love! So bold! It is I—all thy love, Foreold!

It is I, O, love, what bliss! Dost thou answer to my kiss? Ah, sweetheart, what is this? Lieth there So cold!

BRET HARTE.

Named His Desires.

Cleveland Leader.

Little Archibald was saying his prayers the other evening, while his mother was stroking his curly head and thinking of something else. Suddenly it struck her that the child had wandered from the text of the supplication that he had been taught to repeat.

"What is that, darling?" she interrupted. "Go over that part again."

"Give us this day our daily pie and cake, and forgive—"

"Why, my love, that isn't right," the surprised mother broke in; "that isn't what mamma taught you to say."

"I know," little Archibald replied, "but I don't want any more daily bread. I'd rather have pie and cake, and when we're prayin' for things you might as well ask for what you want the most."

He Composed a Hymn.

Flesherton Advance.

Rev. Mr. Howson of Meaford in his address here Monday evening on Some of the Songs We Sing, gave a piece of information that is not generally known regarding one of our most popular church songs. There lies buried on the shores of Rice Lake, north of Port Hope, said Mr. Howson, one James Scrivener, who at one time was wealthy. Scrivener was an extremely liberal man and eventually became very poor owing to his liberality. Friends forgot him, as they so often do in such extremities, and it was then he wrote that beautiful song, What a Friend We Have in Jesus, of which it is said more than fifty million copies have been printed.

Not Bricks.

An English Member of Parliament, who was addressing a political meeting some time ago, hoping thereby to create a little enthusiasm among the workmen, exclaimed: "When the polling day comes, you good fellows must stick to me like bricks!"

"A hardy son of toil, who knew from experience that bricks had no adhesive property, rose in the middle of the hall and said: "You mean like mortar, don't you, sir?" Roars of laughter greeted this correction of the ignorance of the candidate.

Young Robinson (who has a very good opinion of himself, and has just been introduced)—I think I've met your uncle, Mr. Ernest Brown, at dog shows? Miss Brown—Oh yes, uncle will go to those dog shows, and meets the most appalling people!—Punch.

"Our country, sir," roared the Yankee, "knows no East, no West, no North, no South." "Indeed?" said Mr. Fylype of London. "What a confoundedly ignorant country!"—Harper's Bazar.

Minister (who has taken a house in the country for the summer)—But, my good man, I have brought my servants with me. I have no employment to give you. Applaud—Ah, sir, if you only knew how little work it would take to keep me employed.—Tit Bits.

He—Carrie! I saw you flirting with Tom Sweetser last evening. She—Well, it was all for your sake. He—For my sake? How do you make that out? She—You wanted me to learn to love you, and I was just practicing on Tom.—Boston Transcript.



She—I'm afraid I am a dreadful talker. He—What gives you that idea? She—When I come home from anywhere, I never can recall anything that was said except remarks I made myself.—Illustrated American.

Studio and Gallery

IN 1832, when Constable exhibited his Opening of Waterloo Bridge it was placed in the school of painting, one of the small rooms at Somerset House. A sea piece by Turner was next to it, a gray picture, beautiful and true, with no positive color in any part of it. Constable's Waterloo seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver. Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations and flags of the city barges. He stood behind Constable, looking from the Waterloo to his own picture, and at last brought his palette from the great room, where he was touching another picture, and putting a round dab of red lead somewhat bigger than a shilling on his gray sea, went away without saying a word. The intensity of the red lead, made more vivid by the coolness of the picture; caused even the vermilion and lake of Constable to look weak. As Turner left the room Constable remarked, "He has been here and fired a gun." On the opposite wall was a picture by Jones, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the furnace. "A coal," said Cooper, "has bounced across the room and set fire to Turner's sea." The great man did not come into the room for a day and a half, and then in the last moments that were allowed for painting he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture and shaped it into a buoy.

Among the many ceramic artists of this city Miss Bertram is making for herself a niche occupied as yet by none. She is striving after that most meritorious quality in art, individuality. Simplicity and appropriateness of design are two leading characteristics of her work. She is also following in the footsteps of older china workers in seeking to obtain more appropriate conventional designs for table ware. Overload of decoration is offensive, especially in table ware, and we will welcome any nearer approach to utility and simplicity in decoration. Miss Bertram

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gives this week a view of her own work
and that of her pupils, at her residence,
103 St. Vincent street.

Miss Howson has on view at the Pan-
theon this week quite a large collection
of decorated china. She has kept pretty
much along the beaten paths. Many of
her pieces abound in rich coloring and
careful drawing, and some approach
laborateness. Her pupils' work speaks
of very careful training.

The Saturday Night Sketch Club of the
W.A.A. meets this week at the home of
Miss Samuel, 2 Wilton crescent.

The delicate, tidy, effective Dresden
decoration promises to be more popular
than it has been recently. We have few
ceramic decorators who have given special
attention to this branch of art. Sureness
of technique, clean, quick, minute hand-
ling, and careful drawing, as well as easy
composition free from stiffness, are char-
acteristics of good work. Miss Justina
A. Harrison, who has given much atten-
tion to this form of decoration, having
studied in Dresden and Detroit, is showing
some samples of her work at the Pan-
theon this week. In delicate and
difficult Watteau and cupid figures Miss
Harrison is excellent. All her work
speaks of an intelligent mastery of her
art. Miss Harrison receives all interested
in ceramic art on the first and third
Saturdays of each month at her studio,
18 Madison avenue.

J. W. L. Forster, O.S.A., has just about
completed a portrait of Mrs. McClelland.
The portiere forming the background is
an excellent foil to the figure in black
grenadine, with its under sheen of green
silk, sitting in leisurely comfort with
fan touching the shoulder. There is re-
pose with life in the attitude of the figure
and the expression of the countenance.
The scheme of color is rich and appro-
priate. The whole is a very successful
portrait.

M. Matthews, for some time president
of the O.S.A., is about to have an exhibi-
tion of his paintings at Roberts' Art
Gallery, King street, next week. We
recommend all to see Mr. Matthews' work.

Miss E. Hemming has just finished a
very charming miniature of Mrs. George
Frost, wife of the proprietor of the En-
gineering News, New York. Miss Hem-
ming has departed somewhat from her
usual method of treating the back-
ground, giving, instead, tones of warm
grays melting into white. The change is
decidedly pleasing, and the setting quite
improves the head against it.

An interesting display of decorated china
is being shown by Miss Hendershott and
pupils in the window of the ground floor
of 8 College street.

The first of the course of lectures of the
Woman's Art Association of Canada
for 1898 was given on Wednesday, at 4
p.m., by Rev. Dean O'Meara of Winnipeg,
on The Ministry of Art. JEAN GRANT.

WHILE WAITING TILL PROHIBITION COMES

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the Best "Bracer" Known.

They Steady the Nerves, Cool the Blood,
and Brace the Whole System, Giving
Strength, Steadiness, Fresh-
ness and Vigor.

Prohibition may put an end to the con-
sumption of alcoholic liquors, and it may
not.

Some think it will; others think it won't.
Whether it will or not, remains to be
seen. In the meantime, people will have
their "glass of ale," their "toddy," and
their "B. & S." etc.

"Some fellows" will, sometimes, take a
little too much.

Next morning they'll be sorry for it, even
as thousands of "other fellows" have been
sorry for similar mistakes, thousands of
times before.

Their heads will ache, their eyes will be
bloodshot and "glarey," their nerves un-

strung, their hands shaky; there'll be a
ringing or a roaring in their ears, and they
will yearn with a great yearning for "a
bracer."

The best, surest and speediest bracer in a
case of this kind is one (or two) of Dodd's
Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cool the
fevered blood, calm the shaking nerves,
soothe the aching brain, tone and brace
up the entire system, and impart steady-
ness, freshness, strength and vigor to the
frame.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets can be carried
easily in the vest pocket; they are pleasant
as "candy" to the taste, and positive,
rapid and permanent in their effect.

One or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets
taken just after meals, will correct acidity
of the stomach, cure Dyspepsia, Indiges-
tion, Heartburn, Bilio-ness and all other
stomach troubles except cancer.

Fifty cents a box; six boxes \$2.50, of all
druggists.

Low Indeed.

Chicago Tribune.

"You don't seem to thoroughly realize
how low you have got," said the Court.

The prisoner, a faded, battered spec-
imen of manhood, on whose haggard face,
deeply lined with the marks of dissipa-
tion, there still lingered faint reminders
of better days long past, started as if
struck.

"You do me injustice, your honor," he
said, bitterly. "I can bear the disgrace
of arrest for drunkenness, the mortifica-
tion of being thrust into a noisome dun-
geon, and the publicity and humiliation of
a trial in a crowded and dingy court-
room, but to be sentenced by a police
magistrate who splits his infinitives—that
is indeed a crushing blow."

And as they led him away he placed a
trembling hand to his forehead and shiv-
ered like one in an ague.

"Always glad to see old faces," said the
would-be genial one to the rather *passee*
maiden. And he wondered why his
cordiality did not find a response.—*Moon-
shine.*

The man who boasts that he works with
his head instead of his hands is respect-
fully reminded that the woodpecker does
the same thing and is the biggest kind of
a bore.

If a man does something mean while he
is drunk he never remembers; but if he
is robbed, he can give a vivid description
of the robber, and tell the police all the
particulars.

A Self-Estimate.—What do you think
of Pullington? "Oh, he's the kind of a
man who thinks that when he steps on
one end of the country the other end
bounds up in the air."

Playwright (excitedly)—They are calling
for the author. What shall I do? Stage
Manager (who has seen the crowd)—You'd
better slip out of the stage door and make
your escape while there is time.

He—I wish you would get me my new
umbrella. I think it will rain. She—But
I lent it to Herr von Neugebauer last
night when it was raining so hard. He—

Lent it to him, did you? Well, we'll
never see it again. She—Why not? He—
H'm! Because it was his umbrella.

She—Now dear, we must begin to
economize. He—All right. Begin by
making the bread lighter.—*Yonkers
Statesman.*

"I have proposed to her just twelve
times, and I shall not propose another
time." "How superstitious you are, Mr.
Binks."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"So the war is really over?" "Yes;
our landlady has taken down 'Remember
the Maine,' and put up our favorite old
motto, 'Pay as you go.'—*Truth.*

"I can't understand Claudia." "Why
not?" "She always is so much more
intimate with desirable people than they
are with her."—*Chicago Record.*

"Clementine is getting up a harvest-
home festival." "What is it to be?" "She
is going to the theater with the five men
she got engaged to this summer."

There are some things in the world that
one can't understand. One is that you
catch a cold without trying; that if you
let it run on it stays with you, and if you
stop it it goes away.

Engrossing clerk (Ohio Legislature):
Here is this bill proposing to restrict
marriage to persons of sound bodies and
sane minds; how shall I entitle it? Mar-
ried Solon: An Act Prohibiting Mari-
mony.—*Life.*

Parrot (scornfully)—Aw—what a hat!
what a hat! what a hat! Old Lady (in-
dignantly)—The ungrateful beast! I'll
resign from the Audubon Society at once,
and trim my bonnet with parrot wings.—
Harper's Weekly.

Bride—I'm so afraid people will find out
that we're just married, that I've made
my promise to treat me in public just as
if he had no thought for anyone but him-
self. Matron—I adopted that plan when I
was married, and my husband never got
over it.

"Yesterday," said Jabson, "I refused a
poor woman a request for a small sum of
money, and in consequence of my act I
passed a sleepless night. The tones of her

The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

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tial manner and after the most
approved patterns.

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EVERY PARTICULAR.

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with reservoir and hot warm-
ing oven on top and bottom in
any part of Canada for... **\$50.00**

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TORONTO, WINNIPEG and
VANCOUVER.

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Worcestershire Sauce

may mean anything or nothing unless associated with the extra name—

LEA & PERRINS

when it means the FINEST, the MOST WHOLESOME and the MOST PALA-
TABLE condiment that the skill of man has ever elaborated.

Therefore if you have any regard for your digestion you will ADHERE PER-
SISTENTLY to LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE and avoid all imitations.

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are rain-proof—absolutely rain-proof—yet nothing
about their appearance indicates their nature, and
even the closest examination of the goods fails
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This make of goods is known as Cravenette.
'Tis made in light and medium weights—in Navy,
Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor,
Black—six colors.

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odorless and beautifully soft and
pliable.

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CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

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it is possible to make it. It is all
screened by hand, which means
that each individual shovelful goes over the
screen. We realize that when you
buy COAL you don't want to pay for dirt—you want all coal, and that's what
we try to give you. We feel safe in saying that cleaner coal can not be ob-
tained than that you will get by ordering from us. We have a 40 years' reputa-
tion for quality and weight. You can order from any of these phones—131,
132, 134, 135, 136, 210, 4453.

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it is possible to make it. It is all
screened by hand, which means
that each individual shovelful goes over the
screen. We realize that when you
buy COAL you don't want to pay for dirt—you want all coal, and that's what
we try to give you. We feel safe in saying that cleaner coal can not be ob-
tained than that you will get by ordering from us. We have a 40 years' reputa-
tion for quality and weight. You can order from any of these phones—131,
132, 134, 135, 136, 210, 4453.

voice were ringing in my ears the whole
time." "Your softness of heart does you
credit," said Mabson. "Who was the
woman?" "My wife."

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brighten and beautify the com-
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Music.

The home-coming piano and vocal recital given in Association Hall on Monday evening last by the popular local solo pianist, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, and the equally well known and esteemed soprano, Miss Margaret Huston, attracted a large, critical and fashionable audience of friends and admirers of the performers. Prior to her departure for Europe two years ago Miss Huston had already established herself as a local favorite, the beauty of her voice and her artistic style winning for her the warm admiration of the music-lovers of this city. As might have been expected, two seasons of further study and experience under the most favorable conditions with leading teachers of Paris, have resulted in a marked advance in musical appreciation, which was shown in the charming style in which several of her numbers were interpreted, particularly her last selection—Saint Saens' beautiful aria from Samson and Delilah, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice—and Tosti's Good Bye, which latter number was given in response to a most enthusiastic encore. In the earlier part of the programme she appeared to be suffering from a slight huskiness, which did not entirely wear off during the evening. It is difficult therefore to form a just estimate as to the quality of her voice compared with what we remember it to have been before she went abroad. Her rendering of a group of three songs by Schumann, an aria from Reger's Sigurd, and of Massenet's Les Larmes, showed the beneficial musical influences of her sojourn in France, her phrasing, style and general manner being refined and graceful in a marked degree. Mr. Tripp, who had won a more than local reputation as a piano soloist previous to his recent extended course of study in Vienna under Leschetzky and Stepanoff, was heard in an admirably chosen selection of standard classical and modern works such as were calculated to display to advantage the marked improvement he had made both technically and musically whilst a student abroad. His performance of Tausig's effective arrangement of Bach's dramatic Toccata and Fugue in D minor revealed a brilliant technique and a repose and abandon which were, to some extent, lacking previous to his departure for Vienna two years ago. A clean-cut performance of Beethoven's beautiful Andante in F won for him repeated recalls, to which he finally responded by playing an encore number. Chopin's F minor etude and the same composer's Berceuse, which were perhaps the most artistically interpreted of the piano numbers, were played with admirable evenness of touch. A clever and exacting transcription by Schuetz of Strauss' Merry War waltz, Nur Fuer Natur, and Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia for two pianos, with its splendid bravura work, were very effectively played and warmly applauded. In the last mentioned composition Mr. Tripp had the assistance of Miss Ada E. S. Hart, whose playing of the part assigned the second piano was eminently praiseworthy, both from the technical and musical point of view, the support accorded the solo instrument being at all times thoroughly artistic and in every sense intelligent. Miss Shippe made an efficient accompanist for the vocal numbers. The rich and sympathetic tones of the Knabe grand piano used, contributed in no small measure to the success of the recital.

The following letter explains itself:

To the Musical Editor of Saturday Night.
SIR.—Concerning the local examinations in Canada of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, the chief clerk and organizer of the local examinations in Canada, Mr. P. A. Grinstead, writes me as follows:

"The Board is a separate institution in so far as having a separate office and staff, but it is made up of representatives appointed from the governing bodies of the Royal Academy and Royal College."

"The Board is most emphatically not holding its examinations in England or the Colonies for the purpose of making money; all profits, whether from England, Canada, or Australia, go to musical education in the country where the profit is made in the shape of scholarships."

"The vast benefit to the masses of the people that must arise from this movement needs no comment from me, but the above extract refutes the trivial objections advanced by some gentlemen at the Elm street meeting on the 21st ult."

I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,
ASHFORD JONES,
Messrs. Nordheimer, 15 King Street East,
Toronto, October 3, 1898.

Mr. Jones will probably be better pleased to hear from England than from any despised colonist regarding the financial aspect of the Associated Board's venture, and I therefore take the liberty of quoting from a recent issue of the London, Eng., *Musical Herald* regarding the matter. The journal mentioned says: "Mr. Aitken has invited ridicule by writing a letter to the Canadian papers in which he speaks of 'philanthropy,' 'Imperial Federation,' and a 'missionary venture.' Canadians naturally resent this sort of thing. The fact, of course, is that the Associated Board is a highly lucrative concern for the professors, composers and publishers engaged. Australia and South Africa seem to have caught the examination fever. It must be left to public opinion whether Canada is to do the same, and if so whether its own universities cannot undertake the duty of examining." The matter of "scholarships" it might be added, is not by any means unselfish or philanthropic an enterprise as appears on the surface, a fact which is well understood by the initiated. A local musician who had read London *Truth's* statement that the Associated Board had netted a profit of several thousand pounds on last year's local examinations, suggests that a pedlar's tax be levied by our City Council on the examiners of this institution when they set up in this vicinity, the spirit of "philanthropy," which more especially prompts the traffic in the Board's "C.T.A.B." (Certified Teachers' Associated Board) certificate, being too much of a commercial character to be allowed to escape the notice of our assessment authorities. Here appears to be an opportunity for Mr. Fleming, our newly appointed assessment commissioner.

The first concert of the Toronto Cham-

ber Music Association's third season, which was given in the Pavilion Music Hall on Thursday evening of last week, attracted a rather smaller audience than this enterprising organization has grown accustomed to expect. Those who attended, however, heard in the *ensemble* of the Dannreuther String Quartette of New York some of the most satisfactory quartette work which has as yet been presented in connection with the fine concerts given under the auspices of the ladies who control the destinies of chamber music in this city. The programme embraced Haydn's Quartette in D major, op. 50, No. 6; Schumann's Quartette in A major, op. 41, No. 3; an arrangement for string quartette of Bach's Aria and Schubert's Moment Musical, besides cello solos by Mr. Schenck, the cellist of the quartette, and vocal numbers by Senor Gonzales, teacher of singing at the College of Music, and by Madame de Seminario, soprano, of San Francisco. The Haydn and Schumann quartettes served admirably to display the musicianship and technical resources of Mr. Dannreuther's quartette of players. Whether in the Haydn Quartette, with its classical form and simple melodic structure, or in the Schumann composition, with its elaborate harmonic development, warm coloring and modern treatment, the work of the organization was thoroughly effective and artistic in a high degree. In the Bach Aria, which proved one of the popular successes of the evening, Mr. Dannreuther displayed a fine tone and a refined and broad style in his rendering of the beautiful melody of this inspired creation. The exceptional technical skill of Mr. Schenck in his cello solos, combined with rare interpretative talent, stamps this performer as an artist of unusual attainments. The vocalists were very liberally applauded and recalled, and added much to the enjoyment of a fine evening's programme. Much dissatisfaction was expressed by the audience present at the uncomfortable temperature of the room, the chilling effect of which must have been particularly distressing to the performers.

The recent Welsh Eisteddfod held at Blaenau, Wales, has drawn forth some most interesting comments from Mr. Joseph Bennett, the eminent English critic and editor of London *Musical Times*. His observations as a visitor at the festival embody a number of points which cannot but convey a lesson to conductors of choirs, singers and musicians generally. He says: "Looking back upon the five days' doings at Blaenau, I find my attention aroused by these things: first, the excellent voices and generally good singing of the solo vocal competitors; second, the curiously unequal work done by the choirs which entered for the great prizes, and the supreme merit of the winners; third, the ludicrous failure of the competitors who essayed a sight-singing test of moderate difficulty; fourth, the grievous lack of contestants in the instrumental department, apart from the fair number which competed on the violin. Regarding the first point, I have only to say that alike as to voices and certain executive qualities, the Blaenau district seems as rich as it undoubtedly is in slates. One might find there the material for any number of good singers. On the second point, it is to be remarked that while the winning choir in the principal choral contest sang faultlessly, the performance in other cases showed grave defects, even in such an elementary matter as singing in tune. Nevertheless, false intonation is much less common in Wales than formerly. Conductors have learnt the lesson of restraint. The third point calls for question whether the conditions of Welsh popular training in music are sufficiently favorable to sight-singing. The first care is to get a piece off by heart, and to practice incessantly with every eye fixed on the conductor. That may do for competitive purposes, but it is not the way to make good all-round singers. The failures in sight-singing at Blaenau were simply laughable, although the contestants sang from tonic sol-fa copies. On the last point, I can do no more than regret that the progress of instrumental music in Wales is so slow; but it does progress, and that is something."

The many Toronto friends of the clever Canadian composer, Mr. Clarence Lucas, will be pleased to learn of new triumphs which have recently been won by him in London, England, where he has been residing for some years past, and where his work has been such as to reflect utmost credit upon himself and his native land. The London *Musical Standard*, in referring to a programme recently presented at Queen's Hall, in which the splendid orchestra under Mr. Wood rendered standard works by Massenet, Grieg, Liszt and Wagner, pays a high compliment to a new work of Mr. Lucas, which found a place in the same evening's performance. The effect produced by Mr. Lucas' composition may be inferred from the following comments of the paper mentioned: "Yesterday evening the first performance was given of a concert overture, entitled *Othello*, by Mr. Clarence Lucas. This musician is already favorably known as a composer to many music-lovers. He is by birth a Canadian, but his ancestors were English. After having studied at the Conservatoire Nationale of Paris, and traveling for some years in Italy, Germany, Canada and the United States, he came to England, where he now resides. Although the title of the overture suggests its being programme music, it is only so in the sense of being inspired by the temperaments of the principal characters of Shakespeare's tragedy. It opens with an *Andante* movement in G minor, which suggests the malignancy of Iago. The first subject of the *allegro* section is also in G minor, and its exuberant passionate nature manifestly is reflective of *Othello*. The second subject is announced in D, and in its suave gentle strains it is not difficult to trace a musical picture of Desdemona. The exposition of these themes is excellent, and their individuality is enhanced by clever scoring. The work is of

great merit. It excites attention and possesses a poetical atmosphere in keeping with the basis of the work. It was well played, and although coming at the end of a lengthy first part was very warmly applauded."

Mr. Heinrich Klingensfeld, the well known violinist and teacher, who recently removed from Toronto to New York to accept an important professional appointment in that city, has been meeting with much success with his new school for the viola, a work which is receiving the highest commendation of the leading violinists of the world. M. Ysaye complimented Mr. Klingensfeld most highly upon his comprehensive musicianship, and the superior character of his work as illustrated in the viola school mentioned, and forwarded the latter an autograph letter expressive of his sentiments regarding the work. It will interest Mr. Klingensfeld's many Toronto friends to learn that a similar letter has been received by that gentleman from the eminent violinist and composer, Joseph Miroslav Weber of Munich. This letter, of which the following is a translation, and which well merits reproduction, reads as follows:

DEAR SIR.—Through the kindness of my colleague, Herr Benaat, solo violinist of the Imperial Court of Munich, the opportunity was given me of becoming acquainted with your most excellent Viola School. I must confess that I have long been looking for such a work, because the viola parts in my own chamber music compositions are of a concerted nature, and require a viola player who is a perfect violin virtuoso. Through the publication of your most fascinating and inspiring work, which has been worked out with evident interest and love, you have rendered us composers a great service. Many a violinist will be induced thereby to pay greater and more attention than heretofore to the viola, which, being the stepmother, so to speak, among stringed instruments, has been sadly neglected. I hope your effort will meet with every success which it so well merits and which, according to my opinions, cannot but be forthcoming. Now, permit me, dear sir, to express my heartfelt collegial appreciation.

JOSEPH MIROSLAV WEBER,
Imperial Bavarian Concert Master and Slavonic Composer.
Munich, Sept. 1, 1898.

A fair-sized audience attended the concert given in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week by Mr. George Francis Beard, tenor, assisted by Mrs. Florence Glover Woodland, soprano; Miss Lillian Beard, contralto; Mr. W. Francis Firth, baritone, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, pianist. The vocal selections were principally standard operatic work, which, in many cases, proved rather too exacting for those taking part. Mr. Beard is the possessor of a voice of good quality and much power. With careful study of voice culture under competent direction, and with a general course of study in music, Mr. Beard should develop into a singer of much more than ordinary merit. Miss Beard's fine contralto voice was much admired by the audience, and a very favorable impression was created by Mrs. Woodland, who, however, was much handicapped owing to an unfortunate choice of songs making too great demands upon her both musically and technically. Mr. Firth, who displayed a voice of excellent quality, gave gratifying evidences in his singing of good judgment and sound musicianship. Mr. Tripp's piano numbers were features of the evening's programme. The solid character of this gentleman's study in Vienna was clearly shown in the style and abandon which marked his playing of the numbers allotted him on the programme. The audience was quite demonstrative and recalls and encores were numerous.

A prominent London, England, musician, whose name is withheld for the present, and who has shown considerable interest in the discussion relative to the speculative examination ventures in Canada of some of the Old Country institutions, writes me this week regarding the matter. He asserts emphatically that many of the leading musicians of London are in thorough sympathy with the members of the profession in Canada who are protesting against these intrusive schemes. The following extract from his letter will serve to show where he and others stand on this question. He says: "You are perfectly right in doing what you can to fight the offensive examination schemes which are being exported from this side of the water. Every good English musician who understands the affair abhors the spirit in which these things are being conducted under the flimsy excuse of wishing to advance art. The number of idiots who want handles to their names over here is so great that fortunes are being made out of the kind who want to get even with the holders of legitimate degrees by buying up anything which gives them the right to use three or four letters after their names. I hope you will never be cursed with that sort of thing in Canada, and that you will continue to stand out boldly against it as you are now doing."

The regular annual business meeting of the Ciel Club was held in the club rooms on Thursday evening of last week, when the following members were elected to office for the current year: President, Mr. Edward Fisher; vice-president, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp; secretary, Mr. J. W. McNally; treasurer, Mr. A. T. Cringan; committee, Messrs. Anger, Harrison and Vogt; auditors, Messrs. Blakeley and Hunt. At the next regular monthly meeting the vice-president, Mr. Tripp, will read a paper dealing with the most prominent aspects of musical life in Vienna.

As the scholarship lists in the piano, vocal and elocutionary departments of the Metropolitan School of Music, Parkdale, will close on the 17th inst., those who purpose competing and have not yet given in their names have no time to lose. The remarkable increase of attendance this season at the Metropolitan, which was reported some weeks ago, still continues, and it would seem that large as are the resources of the institution they will be taxed almost to their limit before the year is out.

The course of entertainments to be given in Association Hall is attracting a great deal of attention. The artists arranged for are of the first order, and the five entertainments are offered at one dollar admission, with the option of reserving the seats at 10 cents extra for each concert. The opening concert is on October 20th, when Mr. J. Williams Macy, the favorite humorist and buffo-basso of New York will give a recital.

Miss Lillian Beard, whose fine contralto voice was so much admired at the recital given in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week, leaves for Chicago next week. I understand that Miss Beard is to sing at several musicals and at the Women's Foreign Missionary convention which is to be held in Chicago on October 24.

Mr. H. B. Newton, Mus. Bac., late of Grace Church, Toronto, and a pupil in organ playing of Dr. Albert Ham, organist of St. James' Cathedral, has been appointed to the important position of organist of St. George's Church, Ottawa. Mr. Newton's appointment was specially recommended by Dr. Ham.

Herr Rudolf Ruth writes me an interesting note from Berlin, Germany, where he is now located. He is enthusiastic concerning Berlin as a city and a center of musical activity of the highest order. Previous to taking up his work in Berlin he spent several weeks in Dresden holidaying.

Toronto Junction College of Music will give their first concert this season in Killbuck Hall, Toronto Junction, on Thursday, Nov. 17th. Mr. Tripp will be the pianist on the occasion. Full announcement will be made next week.

Miss Florence Taylor of Detroit, a former pupil of the Toronto College of Music and more recently a pupil of Barth and Moszkowski of Berlin, gives a piano recital in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening next.

Miss Mabel Crabtree, a talented pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, is substituting as organist at Dunn Avenue Methodist Church, Parkdale, during the absence of the regular organist, Mr. Shannon.

Mr. A. B. Jury, soprano soloist of the First Unitarian church, Jarvis street, has been engaged as soloist for Bond Street Congregational church.

MODERATO.

Toronto Conservatory of Music

EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director

ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF SCHOLARSHIPS

For open competition under the following teachers:

PIANO.—Edward Fisher, A. N. Vogt, J. W. F. Harrison, V. P. Hunt, Donald Herald, A.T.C.M., Miss M. and Gordon, A.T.C.M., Miss S. E. Dallas, Mus. Bac., VOICE.—Reichab Tandy, Miss Norma Reynolds, Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss Annie Hallor, A.T.C.M., ORGAN.—Albert Ham, Mus. Doc., Dublin, F.R.C.O. and L.F.C., LONDON, VIOLIN.—Mrs. B. Drechsler-Adams, COMPOSITION.—J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac. (Oxon, F.R.C.).

Candidates for above Scholarships are not limited as to age, or the amount of instruction previously received. Also, Elements of Piano-forte—Free and Twenty Partial Scholarships—Seventeen Full and Twenty Partial Scholarships—above, good to the close of June, 1899, will be awarded to candidates who meet the requirements of the examinations.

TOTAL VALUE, \$1,600
Candidates for Elementary Piano must be under 16 years, and shall not have had more than one quarter's instruction. Winners of Scholarships have all Conservatory advantages.

Applications must be made personally, or by mail, not later than October 15th, stating definitely which teacher's Scholarship will be competed for. Due notice will be given all candidates of the date of competition.

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Now returning from Europe, will resume his teaching at The Conservatory of Music on Monday, September 19th (Inst.)
Pupils can now enter at Conservatory office.

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Mrs. Drinkhorn—Oh, Henry, I fear you are leading a double life! Mr. Drinkhorn—Huh! S'far's that goes, I see two of you this minute.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Wiggins—That was a close shave General Miles, had, wasn't it? Higgins—Why, was he shot at? Wiggins—No, he had his mustache cut off.—*New York Journal.*

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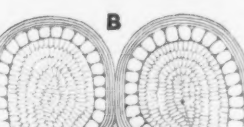
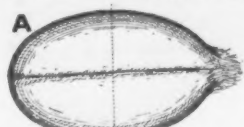
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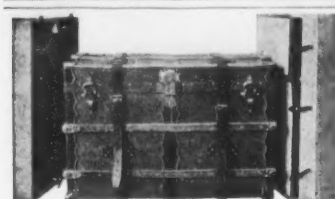
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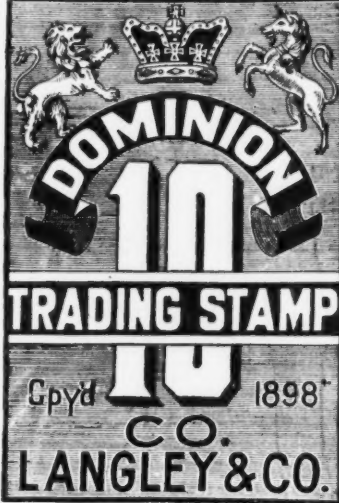
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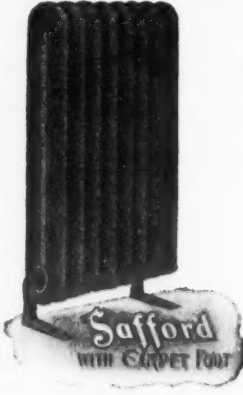
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Marriages.

HOUSTON—ROBINSON—October 8, Stewart Fieldie Houston to Augusta Louise Robinson.
MAY—THOMPSON—October 5, Miller Lash to May Ethelwyn Thompson.
VANSTONE—BURNS—October 6, Lucius Norman Vanstone to Elizabeth Burns.
UNWIN—NELLES—Grimsby, October—J. W. Unwin to Henrietta Nelles.
MORRISON—CALLAGHAN—Auburn, N.Y., Oct. 4, Charles E. Morrison to Minnie E. Callaghan.
SCOTT—CRAIG—October 11, Walter E. Scott to Mabel Craig.
WEST—SHAVER—October 11, Louis J. West to Ethel May Shaver.
MCMURRICH—TEMPLE—October 12, John Dewar McMurrich to Evelyn L. Temple.
YOUNG—MACDOUGALL—October 12, Thomas William Herbert Young, M.D., to Ethel Amelia Macdougall.
HOWLAND—KIRKPATRICK—Chippawa, October 12, George W. Howland to Edith Amy Kirkpatrick.
BLACKWOOD—WALTON—October 5, Arthur E. Blackwood to Elma May Walton.